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superiors? Do you know the right and wrong way of presenting complaints, estimates and to issue orders?

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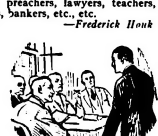
—*Frederick Houk Law.*



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CONTENTS FOR JUNE

COVER DESIGN — Harrison Cady

THE NIGHT NURSE — Eleanore Myers Jewett — 5
A Poem

FRONTISPIECE — Health Insurance — 6
Drawing by Angus MacDonall

THE MAKER OF A HAPPY VALLEY — Anne Shannon Monroe — 7
Photographs

PETER RABBIT DISCOVERS A WONDERFUL THING — Thornton W. Burgess — 13
Illustrated by Harrison Cady

GLIMPSES OF THE RED CROSS AT HOME — Lewis Hine — 16
Photographs

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE — Irving Bacheller — 18
Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

HEALTH — 24
A Department conducted by Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon-General, U S Army; William C. Braisted, Surgeon-General, U S Navy; Rupert Blue, Surgeon-General (Retired), U S Public Health Service
Drawings by Tony Sarg

AN IDEALIST OF THE STAGE — Clayton Hamilton — 27
Photographs

SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM — Herbert Asbury — 33
Photographs

NONE SO RICH — Theodocia Pearce — 35
Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

BETTER AMERICA — A Monthly Department — 42
Photographs

SELF-SATISFACTION AND THE JOB — Whiting Williams — 47
Photographs

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT—Part II — William Harper Dean — 52
Photographs

THE MARCH OF THE RED CROSS — 59
Photographs

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The Red Cross Magazine

THE NIGHT NURSE

By Eleanore Myers Jewett

A very tired look about her eyes,
Dark circles under them, and lids that droop;—
Over her face a shadowed paleness lies,
And when she stands, her slim young shoulders
stoop.

She moves about with silent carefulness,
Her hands are quiet, with a velvet touch;—
Only the crackling of her starched white dress
Rustles the echoes of the room too much.

Her duties done, she sits beside the bed,
A dim, still figure in the lowered light;—
Trembles her cap a little on her head,
Her drooping, folded hands look soft and white.

On leaden, lingering feet, the night goes by—
Fantastic hours of shadows, strange and thick—
While motionless, alert, with practiced eye,
She marks the fitful slumber of the sick.

Then comes the day, the freshioned, garish day!
Quiet and deft, her morning work she plies,
And, like a shadow still, she slips away,
A very tired look about her eyes.

HEALTH INSURANCE

Drawn by Angus MacDonall

THE MAKER OF A HAPPY VALLEY

The Story of "Paul" and the Little Landers

By Anne Shannon Monroe

THE Puyallup Valley used to be our favorite picnicking place because the wild berries there were the largest and juciest and most abundant, and there was a lovely river running through where you could go swimming, and the great old snow-crowned mountain—the mountain-that-was-God, the Indians called it—was right there every time you lifted your eyes, and there was no one to chase you away, just a scattering of discouraged settlers who didn't count. Another memory of the valley, outsiders were never able to pronounce it: invariably they got it "Pie-allup." This tickled us immensely; as if any one oughtn't to know that "Puy" spelled "Pugh"—by Indian rules, anyhow. We felt very superior, we Northwestern youngsters, knowing how to pronounce our Indian names right off: we could always get away with culture on this count, which alone made it worth while to be a child of the Northwest; but Oh, there were so many other reasons, like wild berry patches where globes of purple lusciousness hung ready to drop into our mouths, and swimming streams, and snow mountains—and—and everything!

> THE "Paul" of this story does not measure his success by the broad acres of valley land which he has made cultivatable nor by the number of families and communities which he has seen spring up under his leadership. His reward has come almost entirely from realizing the ideals of fair play and co-operation and service which so peculiarly represent America to-day. In no other country in the world perhaps could this story have taken place except in our own Northwest.

But the beautiful Puyallup Valley—Puyallup: is Indian for "plenty"—couldn't remain wild and free for us: many eyes had fallen on it, many had come and loved it and gone again, and then came a pair that fell and lingered and finally clinched with it, and our great rambling old playground became a thing of the past.

And yet you can't hate Paul even if he did spoil the children's playground: you have to love him a little; and if you're a Northwesterner, and are with an outsider when he is up for discussion, you'll draw a deep breath, and say with pride, "He's some Paul!" swelling your chest the while.

"He's some Paul!" You'll hear that everywhere in Seattle or Tacoma where he is mentioned. "He's not a man, he's a multiple," says a wise old regent of the State University: "Only trouble with Paul, he wants to do everything," grumbles the mossback from his trench of inefficiency. "He'd be worth a million dollars to the Willammette valley," declares an Oregonion. There, pronounce that one, you easterner! The Willlammette—accent on the second syllable, please—I had better add, is the rich old valley of the Nile that runs through Oregon, the valley where nature is so prolific that one can live without stirring much—so why stir?

To-day, if you want to know anything at all about the beautiful little valley all trim and trig in its trellised berry vines, lying snugly between the two up-and-coming towns of Sumner and Puyallup and ten miles out from Tacoma, anything from information as to the best treatment for a sick hen to the situation that day in the jam market of Vladivostock, you're told to "Ask Paul." And if you do run him down—a fair, chunky bulldog of tenacity propelled by a powerful engine, with a glowing headlight of good cheer—sure enough he'll tell you, right off the bat.

"Paul" is really W. H. Paulhamus, State Senator Paulhamus, of Washington: one time banker, sometimes politician, all the time farmer. He began being a banker early. One day when a boy in South Dakota, on hearing the school bell ring, he said to himself, "That bell isn't ringing for me!" and he went off and got a job sweeping out a bank instead. He stayed at banking till he got up pretty well—I think he was a cashier—but he had a dream which as time went on beat irresistibly against the iron bars of his cage: he wanted to be a farmer; he wanted to make something grow besides dollars; he wanted to go West—as far West as there was to go—and get a piece of land, and live like a king on his own domain!

He finally moved out to Washington and got a position in a bank there. Then one day his chance came. He could get a little 35-acre farm very cheaply, on a mortgage, out in the Puyallup Valley. He didn't know much about the valley but he was so hungry for land that he took the farm and then went out to look it over. He liked it right away. He wanted to take that run-down, dilapidated thirty-five acres of neglected berry vines and make a real place of it. He drove through the valley and looked over the few poverty-stricken berry patches—the people had been trying berry culture all along, taking a hint from nature—but didn't meet with one iota of encouragement even in the berries themselves; they were wonderful; the owners were poor, down-hearted, mortgaged, ready to sell out, and knocking the country. He could have bought the whole valley if he'd been any sort of a capitalist—which he wasn't. He isn't to-day, either. If you want to read about how a man made millions for himself on a berry vine, go elsewhere, for Paul hasn't done it. He's only made opportunity on the soil and prosperity and wholesome happy homes for about 1800 of his fellow men, and is still making all this, and the signs point to his making much more of the same sort of thing in the coming years, if he doesn't blow up from too much steam.

Well, he went back to the bank but he'd left his heart in the valley. He raked and scraped together every cent he could, picked up his little family—he had a wife and babies by this time—and moved out to the valley to make his home there. He was going to be the happiest man in the whole world if he could just make ends meet.

Original from

Before the pickers in the berry fields of Puyallup Valley lies one of nature's most magnificent panoramas—the Cascade Range

First thing, of course, along came the usual travelling nurseryman, who takes the first big bite out of the land tenderfoot. He spread out his highly colored catalog and Paul's eyes glittered. He was fascinated! As he looked at the pictures—they were all painted up in gorgeous colors to feed the eye and tempt the soul of the born horticulturist—the little salesman, recognizing the psychological moment, got out his order book and, as Paul boiled over, he wrote. Speedily Paul was sold, old-fashioned orchardist's way, two of everything in the book.

When his vines and trees arrived, he had a royal good time digging in the dirt and setting them out; evenings, he would read up on how to treat them better. They throve as trees and vines never throve in the valley before for love as well as skill was in their cultivating. In time, he had the prettiest 35 acres ever man set eyes on, with little dabs of everything growing gorgeously. And no market for any of it at all!

THIS was his first jolt; he had no market. He pulled up short and did some hard thinking. It was plain that if he wasn't going to starve his family—which is homicide and against the law—he had to do something besides dig and sweat and fertilize. He had to sell and, if he was to sell, he had to raise produce in marketable quantities. Markets didn't buy in little dabs; he must have enough of one kind to be worth shipping. Conveyance was a thing he had never thought about.

He saw it now as one of the first things to be considered in starting a farm.

HIS vision began to broaden. Farming was not simply a matter of going into the country and starting in to raise something you had always been interested in or that looked pretty in a catalog. Farming was first finding out what the markets wanted and how much of it they could use and how you could get it to them so as to make a profit on your labor. Your personal whims and opinions had nothing to do with it; you were a caterer and your business was to cater to the other fellow, not to yourself.

Once more, Paul was all steam up but he was head on this time after the business end—marketing, shipping, salesmanship. He visited the other poor and discouraged berry raisers of the valley and attempted to interest them in going in with him and making a pool, so they could get a carload of stuff together. Every one was in the same fix Paul was in, or worse, for they didn't all have model farms. Paul's was a model farm for looks, it had fine selling points, almost any one who had the money would buy it and keep it for a pet but Paul didn't for a moment consider selling. He had come square up against one of the knottiest problems of his day and he meant to solve it.

He finally succeeded in getting the farmers sufficiently worked up to try to do something, and laid out a plan of all marketing together and canning what was left over. Capital was necessary and mighty little money was in the valley. They finally managed to raise $1,000, borrowing most of it from a bank and the enterprise was launched.

They lost every cent. Nine farmers had endorsed the bank note but only two had property. One was Paul and the other, W. D. Cotter. The two men, the note, and the little rude shack of an office was about all that was left of the organization. Deserted, stunned by the situation, Cotter, who was something of a wag, was the first to come to. He said, realizing that they would have to go on with it and pull the Association out of the mess, "You have had business experience, Paul, you be the man on the inside, and I'll be the man on the outside."

Paul agreed, and they began all over again.

THE first thing Paul had to do was to lick every man who tried to interfere with the management; next, he had to get more money. He found a widow who had considerable and he arranged to borrow enough from her to get his organization going. Like all women—as a man would say—she agreed to the

Original from

Far above the valley towers Mount Tacoma, sometimes called Mount Ranier, reaching the lofty height of fifteen thousand feet

loan first and looked into it afterward. When she looked, she was scared. Everybody told her she would lose her money. Everybody was sore at "the whole thing," and blue, and discouraged. Cotter's main job was to keep the widow pacified. Every few days, she would come to the office and sit and cry about her money; then Cotter had to quit work and talk her around into faith once more.

Paul worked for five years without salary. In addition to the fret and friction that came from his attempts to work out the problems of marketing, shipping, and salesmanship so as to give the growers a fair profit, all of which were as new to him as to any other inexperienced banker, he was kept in a constant uproar by continual criticism from those looking on. Everything he did appeared to them to be wrong. Farmers proved the most difficult people in all the world to organize and hold together on the main issue; a new buggy in the neighborhood could arouse enough jealousy to sidetrack the best laid plan for profits. Paul was fighting the world for them with one hand and fighting them off with the other. But Paul is first and last a fighter. Give him the scent of battle and every fibre in him stiffens to the combat. His fights, it is said in the Northwest, have made him. And so he held on with bulldog grip—while Cotter kept the widow off—and he eventually got all the berry growers in the valley working in some degree of harmony with the Association plan, and enough berries together to ship out in carload lots.

The Puyallup berry, grown as it is in a combination of sea and mountain air, is slow to ripen and firm-celled, which makes it a good shipper. Eastern market men discovered this and one day an order came in from New York. Then it was that Paul turned with a dreamy smile to Cotter, "Might some day do a million dollars worth of business for these little landers, Cotter."

"MILLION dollars! You're crazy," sniffed Cotter, haunted by the widow.

Paul began to speed up berry raising: "More Berries and Better Berries!" became his slogan. Other people moved into the valley and homes began to be closer together. The State Agricultural College established a station at the head of the valley and he encouraged its constant use. Not satisfied that the growers would profit by sufficiently frequent visits to the station, he began, in his office, a system of directing berry culture from start to finish. He had a letter, dictated by a practical horticulturist, sent to every grower every day in the year, telling him exactly what to do on that day. Paul found that fertilization not only increased the size of the crop but improved the texture of the berry and helped its carrying qualities. He advocated putting back into the land a pound of fertilizer for every pound of fruit taken off. These berries—owing to the sea breeze—required twice as long to mature as ordinary berries, therefore, they must be twice as good. The daily letter in time became the farmer's daily program. His problems were no longer wholly up to his own judgment and inexperience, and neither was he dependent for advice on what some grower did the year before or the year before that. Each problem of the current season, with its extra rains or extra drouth, its pests or blight, was scientifically worked out on the soil by a horticultural expert.

Thus it came about that the entire little valley of producing acres came under one management, directed by one system. As a result, the valley grew into one vast and trellised berry patch, as uniform as if it truly had but one owner.

PAUL now got the factory feeling for the enterprise. It was a landfactory. In every well-organized factory, he argued, the equipment is used to the full extent of its possibilities; the units are made to function to their full capacity; and there is a keen lookout for by-products. He saw that they were losing an opportunity in by-products. So next he worked out his plan for what he calls "three-story farming." First, berries. Second, chickens. (Chickens, he discovered,

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At the left, "Paul" (as the Puyallup Valley affectionately calls Senator Paulhamus) is addressing a group of his neighbors on his pet idea of "three-story" farming. This is his name for getting three crops a year from the soil. Below, one of his characteristic attitudes. His sincerity is striking

"PAUL" SAYS

MAYBE you don't like your neighbor, but, like the color of your eyes, you have got him—so help him along.

Meet the minds of people. Don't stiffen prejudice by opposition.

There is no inherent value in land; it's what a man does to it that makes it valuable.

Whatever you consider raising, find out first if you can sell it.

If your children don't want to stay in the country because they think there is less drudgery in town, take drudgery out of farming and put skill and modern machinery in its place. Then add variety and you will keep the children on the farm!

were worth their keep for the dust mulch they put into the ground, the insect life they picked up, and the flesh-life they gave the soil, even if they didn't lay a single egg—and Paul saw to it that they laid eggs: the record season for the valley is 200 laying days and many hens reach 300.) Third, he advocated planting all the early maturing fruit trees, such as damson plums, pears and cherries. He got this system going, and now production is always under way; first, the berries; next, the tree fruits; and, nearly the year round, chickens.

In the beginning, there were continual shipping troubles. Fruit was badly handled; delayed and spoiled in transit; bumped and shaken about unnecessarily, and the charges were excessive. Paul had been protesting right along but to no avail, and he realized that his next real hard fight would have to be with the transportation companies. All right, he would meet them on their own ground! He would go to headquarters—the state capital at Olympia—and get a close-up view of legislation. He made his trip and he found that the railroads kept lobbyists at the capital throughout the session of the legislature and saw that naturally they had it all their own way, as the farmers were not represented. He went home with his mind made up and the next time he went to the legislature he went as a Senator. His fighting spirit and his indomitable energy as well as his sane, commonsense view of things soon placed him in a powerful position. The railroads fought him unmercifully. He went to the Governor and asked him to appoint a commission to act as a go-between for the railroads and the farmers. The Governor agreed but appointed the wrong commission. The next session Paul went back as candidate for speaker of the House. As speaker, he refused to confirm the Governor's appointments. There was a deadlock. The railroad representatives finally approached Paul differently:

"Paul, what in your judgment had we better do?"

"Go home. Take your lobbies out of Olympia. If anything comes up that affects you people, I'll let you know."

They went home.

"Governor," said Paul, going to the chief executive, "your commission is no good. We want a new one."

The Governor then appointed another commission more acceptable to the farmers. As time went on, the railroad people found that they were treated fairly; that Paul's plan constantly increased tonnage and transportation difficulties were at an end. The Puyallup Valley Association to-day pays more transportation charges than any similar number of acres in the United States, the volume of business amounting to $300,000 annually. All the railroad people now take their hats off to Paul.

"We'll do anything Paul wants," one of their officials said to me. "Paul's way of taking care of the man already

on the ground, of working the land problems out with the people he has on hand, instead of our old-time way of advertising for new settlers and then doing nothing to make life on the soil possible after they got here, is a practical and satisfactory solution of the problem of settling western lands."

After winning the railroad fight, Paul went back to his valley with bigger ideas for its future. One of them was for canneries, more canneries and larger canneries, right in the berry fields, for handling the vegetables and fruit fresh from the ground. This meant launching out; it meant more capital and absolute co-operation.

NOW, the organization was doing business on a capital stock of $2,700. Every grower was a shareholder, each share being worth one dollar, and no one being permitted to hold more than fifteen shares. Every member had a voice as well as a vote and some of those voices were still raised in discontent and criticism. Whispers were floating about of disgruntled members wanting to change the management. Paul felt that he must know, before going ahead with his plan for expansion, how many were absolutely with him; so he sent out a circular asking the stock holders to attend an all-day meeting at the Puyallup Opera House.

They came as to a picnic, with lunch baskets, and the women brought their knitting. At ten o'clock, Paul bustled in in his shirt sleeves with his hands full of papers and began to make a detailed report of the Association's affairs. The people got tired listening. They interrupted and begged him to cut out the details.

"No, you'll say I stole it," he fired back. "You've got to listen."

When he had finished his report he shot this bomb into the meeting. "I just want to know whether or not you folks want me to go on running this Association. Raise your hands if you do."

Apparently, every hand went up—hundreds of them.

"Raise your hands if you don't."

Four hands went up."

Then the stockholders took the meeting away from Paul and emphasized their approval of all he had done and had planned to do by voting to insure his life for $25,000; presenting him with his first automobile and a handsome gold watch engraved with their sentiments of appreciation.

This all-day stockholders meeting, I might add, has now become an annual event. One day in every January, Paul comes before them with his figures and spends the most of the day giving them an itemized account of receipts and expenditures. The stockholders are encouraged to ask questions, and everything is cleared up in their minds before the long session is permitted to adjourn. Paul says this is a much better method than sending out a printed stockholders' report, as it brings the people together in friendly, neighborly fashion, and makes the workings of the Association perfectly clear to all. A printed report might not be read, or if read, not understood.

THE State began to figure Paul in. A strong fighting Governor was needed; leading bankers went to Paul and asked him if he would consider taking office. It sounded interesting—a big job with lots to do! But there was his valley and his uncompleted plans for its expansion.

"I'd just about have to give up this job?" he said.

They assented.

"And live in Olympia?"

Again, they nodded.

Paul wrinkled his brow; then he slowly shook his head, "It would be about like this," he said, "every time any one wanted the Governor he'd be over in the Puyallup. No, I guess I'll have to forego the honor!"

THE Yakima Valley people wanted an organizer. They sent Paul an offer of $25,000 a year and Paul declined it. At that time, he was drawing a salary of $250 a year from the Puyallup Valley Association. When this discrepancy was pointed out to him, he only shrugged, "Farmers can't understand big salaries," he explained briefly, "I'd rather have their confidence." And he has never yet taken as much salary as his stockholders have voted him.

One Saturday morning, the president of the bank of Sumner telephoned him, "Come over quick."

Paul jumped into his car: he found the bank examiner with a set face, and the president with a long one, in conference.

"Our bank examiner says the bank can't open," the president explained.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Paul, turning to the examiner.

"Nothing—just rotten!"

"You're bank examiner—what did you let it get rotten for?"

"No use to argue," said the examiner, backing off, "we'll never agree. I'm going to close the bank."

"I don't think you are," said Paul

The four children of Senator Paulhamus. Where youth is concerned, "Paul" believes thoroughly in the value of outdoor life and the companionship of animals

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"What have you got to do with it?"

"Nothing—only I say you can't close it."

"Is it your bank?"

"No, but it's my community. How much money is on hand now?"

"$3,500."

"Give me $500 of that till I can get some more."

"You ask me to lend you the funds of a defunct bank?"

"I do."

The examiner was silent.

"Give me a gambler's chance till Monday," Paul went on. "Put a fellow in the paying teller's window and simply let him take in the money."

The examiner finally yielded: "I know you," he said at last. "I'll take a chance on you. But you've got to pay out your own money; you can't use one cent of what comes in."

Paul agreed, borrowed $2,000 and ran the bank till closing time. That afternoon, he called a meeting of bankers and went into the books. There were $50,000 in good securities and $75,000 in bad ones: it would take $75,000 to save the bank. Sunday morning early, he sent out his car for the bank's stockholders and brought them in, one at a time, seeing each one privately. He told them that the bank was insolvent and he explained that if it closed its doors they would not only lose their deposits but one hundred per cent more, beside suffer the injury of having been connected with a bank that failed. The president assigned all his property; the vice-president all of his; Paul assessed himself $500, and each of the others all that they could stand. In this way, he got the necessary amount signed up over Sunday and opened the bank promptly on time Monday morning. All this happened three years ago. To-day, the bank, with $25,000 capital, has $600,000 in valley deposits; another valley bank with $10,000 capital has $200,000 in valley deposits, and a large percentage of the valley banking is done in Tacoma.

The larger development of the valley through the canneries is a big story in itself. But Paul had won all his fights and he now had everybody's confidence. He had established himself as an out-and-out community man and the rest of the way was easier sledding. An outsider spoke appreciatively of his unselfish labors for the valley; "Why not?" Paul came back. "I have four children in it, I have my home and my living in it, I rise or fall as my community rises or falls. I am my community; my community is an extension of myself, as every community is of every man who lives in it; there's nothing any more unselfish about standing by your community than there is about standing by your country. It's self-preservation!"

The people began to understand Paul, to see in him that something, which for lack of a better name we may call idealism; that something which makes a man go through with a thing he undertakes as the fulfillment of a contract with himself. He is a natural born leader, an organizer, high-powered, far-visioned and absolutely reliable.

Paul has been so much in evidence in his valley, that one is apt to overlook the fact that aside from being a dynamo in organization, he is a very human sort of a person. He wants everybody to have a chance. He believes in everybody working, at least part of the time. He thinks too much idleness and too many artificial provisions for pleasure defeat their own end. He doesn't see much hope in the type of citizen that will come out of the child who is growing up in idleness. He bases his hope for the future of America on the child who has been taught to think, not that everything is in the world for it, but that he is in the world to feed other things; the child who makes a garden and experiments with growing things; who raises fowls and rabbits, and invents his own pleasures; gets up his own circuses; knows "the ol' swimmin' hole"; goes fishing and hunting and mountain climbing and camping out, and works enough to know how much human energy a dollar represents, and spends enough to know just what that dollar will purchase. A child's earliest habits must be constructive if those of his manhood are to be the same. You can't take children off milk and put them on money without racial disaster.

In this connection Paul has suffered —even as he has toiled—with his valley. His young son-in-law in a distant city got into trouble through misuse of funds. The papers made a front-page, scare-head story of it. The following morning, Paul came out in all the papers with a letter, putting the blame on the parents, and exonerating the young people.

"Don't censure the children, censure us, the parents," he said. "We didn't raise them right. The fault is all ours and the blame should be all ours." Then he went on to explain that parents who brought up their children on easy incomes, and then turned them out to meet the requirements of life, on an income wholly inadequate, were only throwing them in danger's way. He accepted the responsibility with that characteristic super-sense that has been manifest in all his dealings with humanity.

To get back to the valley, with the expansion of the canneries and the demand for more fruit, business rapidly increased and the (*Cont. on page 68*)

The kind of fair berry picker you would be apt to meet in the Puyallup Valley

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Sammy Jay leaned so far down that he had to spread his wings to keep from falling. "What's that?" he demanded sharply

PETER RABBIT DISCOVERS A WONDERFUL THING

By Thornton W. Burgess

Illustrated by Harrison Cady

SOMETHING queer had come over Peter Rabbit! Yes, sir, something queer had come over Peter Rabbit. It was a feeling different from any feeling he could remember. He knew he ought to feel joyful and happy; ought to want to kick up his long hind legs and skip and dance. At least, he thought he knew that he ought to. He knew Sammy Jay, who was watching him sharply from a little tree on the very edge of the dear Old Briar-patch, expected him to feel that way. But he didn't feel that way at all.

"It's too bad," said Peter, more to himself than to Sammy Jay. "I'm sorry!"

Sammy Jay leaned so far down that he nearly lost his balance and had to half spread his blue and white wings to keep from falling. "What's that?" he demanded sharply, and stared at Peter so hard with his beady black eyes that Peter had the uncomfortable feeling that they were boring right into him. "What was that you said? I think my hearing must be getting rather poor."

"I said that it's too bad, and I'm sorry," replied Peter.

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!" screamed Sammy Jay and, in his excitement, he did lose his balance and had to fly over to another branch. There he fairly danced in angry disgust. "Here I hurry as fast as my wings can carry me clear from the Old Pasture over here to the Old Briar-patch to bring you good news and you sit there and say you're sorry! I thought you would be tickled half to death. The minute I saw that Reddy Fox was too badly hurt to do any running for a while I said to myself, 'Here is great news for Peter Rabbit.' And instead of being glad you sit there looking as mournful as if it were your best friend instead of one of your greatest enemies, and say you are sorry. Bah! That foolish head of yours is too much for me. There isn't any sense in it at all. Sorry! Well, there are others who won't be sorry. I think I see Danny Meadow Mouse, Bob White, Johnny Chuck or Mrs. Grouse shedding tears over Reddy Fox! They'll know how to appreciate good news when they hear it, and I must hurry along to tell them. Sorry! Why don't you go give yourself

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up for Reddy's dinner? It would be just about as sensible. Sorry—bah!"

With this, Sammy Jay spread his blue and white wings and started for the Old Orchard where Johnny Chuck had his home in the far corner. He was sure Johnny Chuck wouldn't be sorry to hear the news of what had happened to Reddy Fox.

PETER watched him go and there was a funny look on Peter's face. He scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. It is a way he has when he is puzzled or thinking very hard. Peter was puzzled now. He was very much puzzled. He was puzzled because he was sorry for Reddy Fox. Yes, sir, that puzzled Peter quite as much as it did Sammy Jay, and he didn't understand it any more than Sammy did.

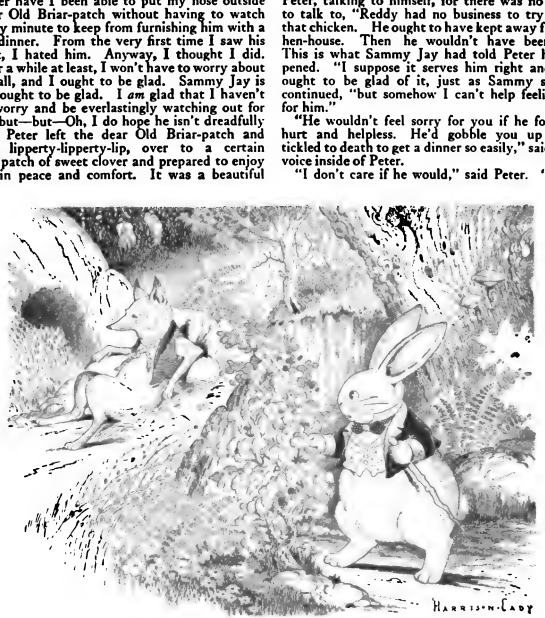
"Of course I ought to be glad," thought Peter. "I *am* glad. No, I'm not either. Oh dear, I never had such mixed up feelings in my life! Ever since I was big enough to first follow my mother's tail, Reddy Fox has tried to catch me. He has given me more frights than I can count. Never since I can remember have I been able to put my nose outside the dear Old Briar-patch without having to watch out every minute to keep from furnishing him with a Rabbit dinner. From the very first time I saw his red coat, I hated him. Anyway, I thought I did. Now, for a while at least, I won't have to worry about him at all, and I ought to be glad. Sammy Jay is right, I ought to be glad. I *am* glad that I haven't got to worry and be everlastingly watching out for Reddy, but—but—Oh, I do hope he isn't dreadfully hurt!" Peter left the dear Old Briar-patch and hopped, lipperty-lipperty-lip, over to a certain favorite patch of sweet clover and prepared to enjoy a feast in peace and comfort. It was a beautiful morning. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were dancing over the Green Meadows and joyously tickled Peter's wobbly little nose with the sweet odors of many flowers. Bubbling Bob the Bobolink was pouring out in liquid music the joy in his heart, as he hovered in mid air above Peter's head. Carol, the Meadow Lark, sat on a distant fence-post, and his clear sweet whistle was good to hear.

"All the Great World is happy," thought Peter, as he reached for a leaf of tender sweet clover. Then, as contentedly he began to eat it, he remembered Reddy Fox, his enemy, wounded and perhaps helpless up in the Old Pasture. Over Peter swept that queer feeling again. He didn't know what it was. But you know and I know. It was pity! Yes, sir, pity had crept into and was filling Peter's heart. With joy and gladness all about him, Reddy Fox was lying somewhere up in the Old Pasture wounded and suffering. Peter tried not to think of it, but he just couldn't help thinking of it.

HE stopped eating. Somehow the sweetness had gone out of that clover. "Of course," muttered Peter, talking to himself, for there was no one else to talk to, "Reddy had no business to try to steal that chicken. He ought to have kept away from that hen-house. Then he wouldn't have been shot." This is what Sammy Jay had told Peter had happened. "I suppose it serves him right and that I ought to be glad of it, just as Sammy said," he continued, "but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for him."

"He wouldn't feel sorry for you if he found you hurt and helpless. He'd gobble you up and be tickled to death to get a dinner so easily," said a small voice inside of Peter.

"I don't care if he would," said Peter. "Anyway



At last, Reddy opened his eyes and in them was such a look of pain that Peter knew at once that Sammy Jay had told the truth

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he wouldn't let me suffer. He'd put an end to my pain." Peter had to grin at such a queer idea of mercy. "I wonder if he will get well."

At the mere thought that perhaps Reddy might not get well, Peter grew very sober. "The Green Meadows wouldn't be the same without him," muttered Peter. "He makes me a lot of trouble, but the Green Meadows wouldn't be the same without him. If he should catch me, it would be my own fault. I don't suppose he's got a single friend to call on him and try to do something for him. I—I—"

Peter paused to scratch a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other hind foot. Then he finished what he had started to say. "I believe I'll run over to see if I can do something for Reddy," said he, and hastily looked this way and that way to make sure no one had overheard him. You see he knew that if anyone had, they would think he was crazy for sure and certain.

Peter wasted no time. Away he went, lipperty-lipperty-lip, across the Green Meadows towards the Old Pasture. But though he was in a hurry, he didn't forget to be watchful. Every few jumps he stopped to sit up and look and listen. Once, he saw Redtail the Hawk sailing round and round high up in the blue, blue sky. Instantly Peter squatted flat in some tall grass and didn't move so much as one of his long ears until Redtail was out of sight.

When he reached the edge of the Old Pasture, he felt safer, for there were bushes and brambles there in plenty. He knew where Reddy's home was, and he headed straight for it. As he drew near, he took the greatest care not to make a sound. Every few steps he stopped to look and listen. You see he thought that Sammy Jay might have been mistaken and Reddy Fox might not be so helpless as Sammy had thought.

At last he reached a place where he could peep out from under a bush and see the entrance to Reddy's home. Reddy was there. He was stretched out in front of his doorway. He didn't move. His eyes were closed. Peter wondered if he could be dead. Peter kept perfectly still for a long time. At last, Reddy opened his eyes and in them was such a look of pain that Peter knew at once that Sammy Jay had told the truth. Peter thumped the ground ever so lightly. Instantly Reddy turned his head and saw Peter. He tried to grin, but it was a feeble, sorry kind of a grin."

"Hello, Peter," said he. "I suppose you have heard what happened to me and have come over to tell me you are glad of it, and to make fun of me now that I am helpless."

Peter hopped out from under the bush. "Yes, I have heard, and I've come over to tell you how sorry I am, and to see if I can do something for you," replied Peter, and hopped a step nearer.

Reddy's black ears twitched. "What's that?" said he. "Why don't you tell the truth, Peter? Why don't you say that you are tickled almost to death to see me like this?"

"But I'm not!" cried Peter. "Truly I'm not. I'm ever and ever so sorry. And I'd like ever so much to do something for you, Reddy."

Reddy looked very hard at Peter, blinked, and looked again. It was hard to believe that Peter was telling the truth. But when he saw the look in Peter's big, soft eyes, he knew that Peter meant just what he had said. Something very like softness crept into Reddy's own eyes. "Peter," said he, "I believe you really mean it. You are the only one who has come near me to-day, who hasn't seemed glad to see me in trouble." Reddy moved one hind leg a little and such a look of pain crossed his face that something very like tears of sympathy filled Peter's eyes.

"Does it hurt dreadfully?" he asked.

Reddy nodded. "It certainly does," said he. "I'm pretty badly hurt. I'll get over it, I guess, but it will be a long time before I can do much running about. You won't have to watch out for me for some time, Peter." Reddy grinned, but it was a very pathetic sort of grin.

Peter didn't grin back. "I would much rather have to watch out for you than to see you suffering like this, Reddy," said he very earnestly. "How will you get enough to eat?"

"I don't feel much like eating now," replied Reddy. "I guess Mrs. Reddy will keep me supplied.

At the mention of Mrs. Reddy, Peter turned his head this way and that way and looked uneasy. He had forgotten all about Mrs. Reddy. Reddy saw that look and understood it. "She's likely to be back any time now," said he. "I advise you to run along back to the Old Briar-patch, Peter. There's nothing more that you can do for me."

"But I haven't done anything," cried Peter.

"Yes, indeed, you have," retorted Reddy quickly. "You've brought me sympathy, which is all you can do. I feel better for it already. You have no idea how much it helps. I shall tell Mrs. Reddy to keep away from the Old Briar-patch. Now skip along, Peter, and watch out that you don't get into trouble yourself."

So Peter once more told Reddy how sorry he was, and then bidding him goodbye, started for the dear Old Briar-patch, lipperty-lipperty-lip. Somehow he felt better than he had felt since he had first heard the news about Reddy. The joyousness and gladness all about him once more filled him, and with it was a new kind of happiness, a happiness he had never found before. It was the happiness of having tried to do something for someone in trouble. He knew now what had caused that queer feeling when Sammy Jay had first told him of the trouble of Reddy Fox. He had found a wonderful and beautiful thing, though of course he didn't know it. Peter had found the spirit of pity and sympathy!

OLD MR. TOAD OPENS PETER RABBIT'S EYES

Is the name of the next Peter Rabbit story in the special series written for us by Thornton Burgess. It will appear in the July Number. Hereafter, Peter's adventures will appear in these pages every month.

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GLIMPSES OF THE NEW

By Lewis W. Hine

HERE is the second instalment of Mr. Hine's picture-serial of Red Cross work in America. Mr. Hine has gone over much of New York State in

Here is a Red Cross nurse in the Ramapo Mountains of New York State. News that a child has arrived in a distant farm house has come to her and she is starting off on her snow shoes to visit the mother. It doesn't take much imagination to picture how welcome she will be. The nurse, in the upper right-hand picture, is giving help and information on the care of children to the young mother, isolated in the snow-bound country, and badly in need of advice. Only people in similar circumstances can appreciate what such a service means.

At the left, a Red Cross nurse is showing a mother just how a husband can build a "Kiddy Coop." Ingenuity and a couple of dollars can procure for a home a piece of apparatus which, if bought at a store, would be far too expensive for most families. Ideas are part of Red Cross equipment.

At the right, is a view of the Red Cross Dispensary at Johnstown, New York, in the Atlantic Division. The doctor in the picture is one of the local physicians who volunteers a part of his time and conducts a general clinic not only for babies but for any of the children of the town who are under school age. It is called a "Well Baby Clinic." And so effective is it and so swift in its action that it often avoids the necessity of a sick baby clinic with its much more serious and frightening cases.

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RED CROSS AT HOME

Our Staff Photographer

the past few weeks, seizing the salient points of modern Red Cross Service. He gives them to us here with the reality and conviction of a moving picture.

The two upper pictures on this page show the cheerful and the more serious side of life in a "Preventorium School" in Schenectady, New York. The main credit for this wonderful service belongs to the Schenectady County Tuberculosis Committee, but the Junior Red Cross has contributed liberally from its funds for the school; for it cares for children who are not well enough to go to school and not ill enough to go to a sanitarium. Tuberculosis is a disease which only needs to be caught in time in order to effect a cure.

At the right, is an object lesson in preventive care. The local Red Cross nurse has gone to the village school and is giving individual attention to the nose and throat of each child. Most diseases can be cured if they can thus be caught in their earliest stages.

Here is the Red Cross nurse in the High School at Amsterdam, New York. A group of the school girls are just beginning a regular course in the elements of Home Nursing. Some of them are much more expert in the handling of the dummy baby than others, and the simple explanation is that they have little brothers or sisters at home. Home nursing is a thing which every woman in the country should understand, in these days of epidemics, coupled with the shortage of nurses. These high school girls will be prepared.

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THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "The Light in the Clearing," "Keeping up with Lizzie," etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

Phyllis had been "beating the bush" with her mother at teas and dances and dinners

CHAPTER FOUR

In Which Mr. Israel Sneed and Other Working Men Receive a Lesson in True Democracy

NEXT morning, Mr. Blenkinsop went to cut wood for the Widow Moran. The good woman was amazed by his highly respectable appearance.

"God help us! Ye look like a lawyer," she said.

"I'm a new man! Cut out the blacksmith shop an' the booze an' the bummers."

"May the good God love an' help ye! I heard about it."

"Ye did?"

"Sure I did. It's all over the town. Good news has a lively foot, man. The Shepherd clapped his hands when I told him. Ye got to go straight, my laddie buck. All eyes are on ye now. Come up an' see the boy. It's his birthday."

Mr. Blenkinsop was deeply moved by the greeting of the little Shepherd, who kissed his cheek and said that he had often prayed for him

"If you ever get lonely, come and sit with me and we'll have a talk and a game of dominoes," said the boy.

Mr. Blenkinsop got strength out of the wonderful spirit of Bob Moran and as he swung his axe that day, he was happier than he had been in many years. Men and women who passed in the street said, "How do you do, Mr. Blenkinsop? I'm glad to see you."

Even the dog Christmas watched his master with a look of pride and approval. Now and then, he barked gleefully and scampered up and down the sidewalk.

The Shepherd was fourteen years old. On his birthday, from morning until night, people came to his room bringing little gifts to remind him of their affection. No one in the village of Bingville was so much beloved. Judge Crooker came in the evening with ice cream and a frosted cake. While he was there, a committee of citizens came to confer with him regarding conditions in Bingville.

"There's more money than ever in the place, but there never was so much misery," said the chairman of the committee.

"We have learned that money is not the thing that makes happiness," Judge Crooker began. "With every one busy at high wages, and the banks overflowing with deposits, we felt safe. We ceased to produce the necessaries of life in a sufficient quantity. We forgot that the all important things are food, fuel, clothes and comfortable housing—not money. Some of us went money mad. With a feeling of opulence we refused to work at all, save when we felt like it. We bought diamond rings and sat by the fire looking at them. The roofs began to leak and our plumbing went wrong. People going to buy meat found the shops closed. Roofs that might have been saved by timely repairs will have to be largely replaced. Plumbing systems have been ruined by neglect. With all its money, the town was never so poverty stricken, the people never so wretched."

Mr. Sneed, who was a member of the committee, slyly turned the ring on his finger so that the diamond was concealed. He cleared his throat and remarked, "We mechanics had more than we could do on work already contracted."

"Yes, you worked eight hours a day and refused to work any longer. You were legally within your rights, but your position was ungrateful and even heartless and immoral. Suppose there were a baby coming at your house and you should call for the doctor and he should say, 'I'm sorry, but I have done my eight hours work to-day and I can't help you.' Then suppose you should offer him a double fee and he should say, 'No thanks, I'm tired. I've got forty thousand dollars in the bank and I don't have to work when I don't want to.' Or suppose I were trying a case for you and, when my eight hours work had expired, I should walk out of the court and leave your case to take care of itself. What do you suppose would become of it? Yet that is exactly what you did to my pipes. You left them to take care of themselves. You men, who use your hands, make a great mistake in thinking that you are the

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workers of the country and that the rest of us are your natural enemies. In America, we are all workers! The idle man is a mere parasite and not at heart an American. Generally, I work fifteen hours a day. This little lad has been knitting night and day for the soldiers without hope of reward and has spent his savings for yarn. There isn't a doctor in Bingville who isn't working eighteen hours a day. I met a minister this afternoon who hasn't had ten hours of sleep in a week —he's been so busy with the sick, and the dying and the dead. He is a nurse, a friend, a comforter to any one who needs him. No charge for overtime. My God! Are we all going money mad? Are you any better than he is, or I am, or than these doctors are who have been killing themselves with overwork? Do you dare to tell me that prosperity is any excuse for idleness in this land of ours, if one's help is needed?"

JUDGE CROOKER'S voice had been calm, his manner dignified. But the last sentences had been spoken with a quiet sternness and with his long, bony forefinger pointing straight at Mr. Sneed. The other members of the committee clapped their hands in hearty approval. Mr. Sneed smiled and brushed his trousers

"I guess you're right," he said. "We're all off our balance a little, but what is to be done now?"

"We must quit our plumbing and carpentering and lawyering and banking and some of us must quit merchandising and sitting in the chimney corner and grab our saws and axes and go out into the woods and make some fuel and get it hauled into town," said Judge Crooker. "I'll be one of a party to go to-morrow with my axe. I haven't forgotten how to chop."

The committee thought this a good suggestion. They all rose and started on a search for volunteers, except Mr. Sneed. He tarried saying to the Judge that he wished to consult him on a private matter. It was, indeed, just then a matter which could not have been more public although, so far, the news of it had travelled in whispers. The Judge had learned the facts since his return.

"I hope your plumbing hasn't gone wrong," he remarked with a smile.

"No, it's worse than that," said Mr. Sneed ruefully.

They bade the little Shepherd good night and went downstairs where the widow was still at work with her washing, although it was nine o'clock.

"Faithful woman!" the Judge exclaimed as they went out on the street. "What would the world do without people like that? No extra charge for over-time, either."

Then, as they walked along, he cunningly paved the way for what he knew was coming.

"Did you notice the face of that boy?" he asked.

"Yes. It's a wonderful face," said Israel Sneed.

"It's a God's blessing to see a face like that," the Judge went on. "Only the pure in heart can have it. The old spirit of youth looks out of his eyes—the spirit of my own youth. When I was fourteen, I think that my heart was as pure as his. So were the hearts of most of the boys I knew."

"It isn't so now," said Mr. Sneed.

"I fear it isn't," the Judge answered. "There's a new look in the faces of the young. Every variety of evil is spread before them on the stage of our little theatre. They see it while their characters are in the making, while their minds are like white wax. Everything that touches them leaves a mark or a smirch. It addresses them in the one language they all understand and for which no dictionary is needed—pictures. The flower of youth fades fast enough, God knows, without the withering knowledge of evil. They say it's good for the boys and girls to know all about life. We shall see!"

MR. SNEED sat down with Judge Crooker in the handsome library of the latter and opened his heart. His son Richard, a boy of fifteen, and three other lads of the village, had been committing small burglaries and storing their booty in a cave in a piece of woods on the river bank near the village. A constable had secured a confession and recovered a part of the booty. Enough had been found to warrant a charge of grand larceny and Elisha Potts, whose store had been entered, was clamoring for the arrest of the boys.

"It reminds me of that picture of the Robbers' Cave that was on the billboard of our school of crime a few weeks ago," said the Judge. "I'm tired enough to lie down, but I'll go and see Elisha Potts. If he's abed, he'll have to get up, that's all. There's no telling what Potts has done or may do. Your plumbing is in bad shape, Mr. Sneed. The public sewer is backing into your cellar and in a case of that kind the less delay the better."

HE WENT into the hall and put on his coat and gloves and took his cane out of the rack. He was sixty-five years of age that winter. It was a bitter night when even younger men found it a trial to leave the comfort of the fireside. Sneed followed in silence. Indeed, his tongue was shame-bound. For a moment, he knew not what to say.

"I—I'm much o-obliged to you," he stammered as they went out into the cold wind. "I—I don't care what it costs, either."

The Judge stopped and turned toward him.

"Look here," he said. "Money does not enter into this proceeding or any motive but the will to help a neighbor."

They walked in silence to the corner. There Sneed pressed the Judge's hand and tried to say something, but his voice failed him.

"Have the boys at my office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I want to talk to them," said the kindly old Judge as he strode away in the darkness.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

One of the most loved inhabitants of Bingville was Bob, the little crippled son of the Widow Moran, called by Judge Crooker, "The Little Shepherd of the Birds." He spent his days in one room, watching the birds in the big garden next door. His idol was J. Patterson Bing, the foremost citizen of the town; and it was the happiest moment of his life when Mrs. Bing promised to bring Mr. Bing to see him. But the great man did not come. He sent in his place a twenty-dollar gold piece. All Bingville, nevertheless, believed in J. Patterson Bing and everything he did. When he paid the increased war prices for servants and carpenters and plumbers, Bingville did likewise. When he and Mrs. Bing returned from New York and instituted house parties in place of Sunday church, Bingville followed. When Phyllis Bing came back from school and introduced the new dances, and the new evening gowns, Pauline Baker and the other Bingville girls unblushingly did the same. In fact, the old simple spirit of Bingville was passing. In its place reigned a new god, a god with a little "g". Through its influence, Phyllis lunched with Gordon King and hovered on the brink of an elopement; and Pauline Baker ran away with a drummer to New York, where she vanished, leaving no trace behind.

All this while, a coin lay in the little Shepherd's bureau drawer, cold and friendless. The Shepherd was cold, too. Fuel and food were scarce that winter in Bingville, and illness and suffering were plenty. But while the Bings luxuriated in their apartment in New York, Father O'Neil and the Reverend Otis Singleton, enemies of Bingville's new little god, ministered to the sick. And through the kindly understanding of Mr. Singleton, Hiram Blenkinsop, the village drunkard, started on the road to recover his lost self.

CHAPTER FIVE

In Which J. Patterson Bing Buys a Necklace of Pearls

MEANWHILE, the Bings had been having a busy winter in New York. J. Patterson Bing had been elected to the board of a large bank in Wall Street. His fortune had more than doubled in the last two years and he was now a considerable factor in finance.

Mrs. Bing had been studying current events and French and the English Accent and other social graces every morning, with the best tutors, as she reclined comfortably in her bedchamber while Phyllis went to the various shops.

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Mrs. Crooker had once said "Mamie Bing had a passion for self improvement." It was mainly if not quite true.

Phyllis had been "beating the bush" with her mother at teas and dinners and dances and theatres and country house parties in and about the city. The speedometer on the limousine had doubled its mileage since they came to town. They were, it would seem, a tireless pair of hunters. Phyllis's portrait had appeared in the Sunday papers. It showed a face and form of unusual beauty. The supple grace and classic outlines of the latter were touchingly displayed at the dances in many a handsome ballroom. At last, they had found a promising and most eligible candidate in Roger Delane—a handsome, stalwart youth, a year out of college. His father was a well known and highly successful merchant of an old family which, for generations, had "belonged"—that is to say, it had been a part of the aristocracy of Fifth Avenue.

There could be no doubt of this great good luck of theirs—better, indeed, than Mrs. Bing had dared to hope for—the young man having seriously confided his intentions to J. Patterson. But there was one shadow on the glowing prospect; Phyllis had suddenly taken a bad turn. She moped, as her mother put it. She was listless and unhappy. She had lost her interest in the chase, so to speak. She had little heart for teas and dances and dinner parties. One day, her mother returned from a luncheon and found her weeping. Mrs. Bing went at once to the telephone and called for the stomach specialist. He came and made a brief examination and said that it was all due to rich food and late hours. He left some medicine, advised a day or two of rest in bed, charged a hundred dollars and went away. They tried the remedies, but Phyllis showed no improvement. The young man sent American Beauty roses and a graceful note of regret to her room.

"You ought to be very happy," said her mother. "He is a *dear*."

"I know it," Phyllis answered. "He's just the most adorable creature I ever saw in my life."

"For goodness sake! What is the matter of you? Why don't you brace up?" Mrs. Bing asked with a note of impatience in her tone.

Phyllis, who had been lying on the couch, rose to a sitting posture and flung one of the cushions at her mother, and rather swiftly.

"How *can* I brace up?" she asked with indignation in her eyes. "Don't *you* dare to scold me."

There was a breath of silence in which the two looked into each other's eyes. Many thoughts came flashing into the mind of Mrs. Bing. Why had the girl spoken the word "you" so bitterly? Little echoes of old history began to fill the silence. She arose and picked up the cushion and threw it on the sofa.

"WHAT a temper!" she exclaimed. "Young lady, you don't seem to know that these days are very precious for you. They will not come again."

Then, in the old fashion of women who have suddenly come out of a moment of affectionate anger, they fell to weeping in each other's arms. The storm was over when they heard the feet of J. Patterson Bing in the hall. Phyllis fled into the bathroom.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bing as he entered the door. "I've found out what's the matter with Phyllis. It's nerves. I met the great specialist, John Hamilton Gibbs, at luncheon to-day. I described the symptoms. He says it's undoubtedly *nerves*. He has any number of cases just like this one—rest, fresh air and a careful diet are all that's needed. He says that if he can have her for two weeks, he'll guarantee a cure. I've agreed to have you take her to his sanitarium in the Catskills to-morrow. He has saddle horses, sleeping balconies, toboggan slides, snow-shoe and skating parties and all that."

"I think it will be great," said Phyllis, who suddenly emerged from her hiding place and embraced her father. "I'd love it! I'm sick of this old town. I'm sure it's just what I need."

"I *couldn't* go to-morrow," said Mrs. Bing. "I simply *must* go to Mrs. Delane's luncheon."

"Then I'll ask Harriet to go up with her," said J. Patterson.

Harriet, who lived in a flat on the upper west side, was Mr. Bing's sister.

Phyllis went to bed dinnerless with a headache. Mr. and Mrs. Bing sat

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Mr. Bing had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. To the committee from the men who called at his office with a demand for more pay and less work, Mr. Bing said "No," with a bang of his fist on the table

up for a long time over their coffee and cigarettes.

"It's something too dreadful that Phyllis should be getting sick just at the wrong time," said the madame. "She has always been well. I can't understand it."

"She's had a rather strenuous time here," said J. Patterson.

"But she seemed to enjoy it until—until the right man came along. The very man I hoped would like her! Then, suddenly, she throws up her hands and keels over. It's too *devilish* for words."

Mr. Bing laughed at his wife's exasperation.

"To me, it's no laughing matter," said she with a serious face.

"Perhaps she doesn't like the boy," J. Patterson remarked.

Mrs. Bing leaned toward him and whispered, "She adores him!" She held her attitude and looked searchingly into her husband's face.

"Well, you can't say I did it," he answered. The modern girl is a rather delicate piece of machinery. I think she'll be all right in a week or two. Come, it's time we went to the theatre if we're going.

Nothing more was said of the matter. Next morning immediately after breakfast, "Aunt Harriet" set out with Phyllis in the big limousine for Doctor Gibbs' sanitarium.

PHYLLIS found the remedy she needed in the ceaseless round of outdoor frolic. Her spirit washed in the glowing air found refreshment in the sleep that follows weariness and good digestion. Her health improved so visibly that her stay was far prolonged. It was the first week of May when Mrs. Bing drove up to get her. The girl was in perfect condition, it would seem. No rustic maid, in all the mountain valleys, had lighter feet or clearer eyes or a more honest, ruddy tan in her face due to the touch of the clean wind. She had grown as lithe and strong as a young panther.

They were going back to Bingville next day. Martha and Susan had been getting the house ready. Mrs. Bing had been preparing what she fondly hoped would be "a lovely surprise" for Phyllis. Roger Delane was coming up for a quiet week with the Bings—a week of opportunity for the young people with saddle horses and a new steam launch and a Peterborough canoe and all pleasant accessories. Then, on the twentieth, which was the birthday of Phyllis, there was to be a dinner and a house party and possibly an announcement and a pretty wagging of tongues. Indeed, J. Patterson had already bought the wedding gift, a necklace of pearls, and paid a hundred thousand dollars for it and put it away in his safe. The necklace had pleased him. He had seen many jewels but nothing so satisfying—nothing that so well expressed his affection for his daughter. He might never see its like again. So he bought it against the happy day which he hoped was near. He had shown it to his wife and charged her to make no mention of it until "the time was ripe," in his way of speaking.

Mrs. Bing had promised on her word and honor to respect the confidence of her husband, with all righteous intention, but on the very day of their arrival in Bingville, Sophronia (Mrs. Pendleton) Ames called. Sophronia was the oldest and dearest friend that Mamie Bing had in the village. The latter enjoyed her life in New York, but she felt always a thrill at coming back to her big garden and the green trees and the ample spaces of Bingville, and to the ready, sympathetic confidence of Sophronia Ames. She told Sophronia of moving scenes in the gorgeous spectacle of metropolitan life, of the wonderful young man and his untimely affliction of Phyllis, now happily past. Then, in a whisper, while Sophronia held up her right hand as a pledge of secrecy, she told of the necklace of which the lucky girl had no knowledge. Now, Mrs. Ames was one of the best of women. People were wont to speak of her, and rightly, as "the salt of the earth." She would do anything possible for a friend. But Mamie Bing had

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He could distinctly hear the voice of the woman crying now, and he groped his way in the direction from which the sound came and soon discovered her. She was kneeling on a grave with a child in her arms

asked too much. Moreover, always it had been understood between them that these half playful oaths were not to be taken too seriously. Of course, "the fish had to be fed," as Judge Crooker had once put it. By "the fish," he meant that curious under-life of the village—the voracious, silent, merciless, cold-blooded thing which fed on the sins and follies of men and women and which rarely came to the surface to bother anyone.

"The fish are very wise," Judge Crooker used to say. "They know the truth about everyone and it's well that they do. After all, they perform an important office. There's many a man and woman who think they've been fooling the fish but they've only fooled themselves."

And, within a day or two, the secrets of the Bing family were swimming up and down the stream of the under-life of Bingville.

MR. BING had found a situation in the plant which was new to him. The men were discontented. Their wages were "sky high," to quote a phrase of one of the foremen. Still, they were not satisfied. Reports of the fabulous earnings of the mill had spread among them. They had begun to think that they were not getting a fair division of the proceeds of their labor. At a meeting of the help, a radical speaker had declared that one of the Bing women wore a noose of pearls on her neck worth half a million dollars. The men wanted more pay and less work. A committee of their leaders had called at Mr. Bing's office with a demand soon after his arrival. Mr. Bing had said "no" with a bang of his fist on the table. A worker's meeting was to be held a week later to act upon the report of the committee.

Meanwhile, another cause of worry had come or rather returned to him. Again, Phyllis had begun to show symptoms of the old trouble. Mrs. Bing, arriving at dusk from a market trip to Hazelmead with Sophronia Ames, had found Phyllis lying asleep among the cushions on the great couch in the latter's bedroom. She entered the room softly and leaned over the girl and looked into her face, now turned toward the open window and lighted by the fading glow in the western sky and relaxed by sleep. It was a sad face! There were lines and shadows in it which the anxious mother had not seen before and—had she been crying? Very softly, the woman sat down at the girl's side. Darkness fell. Black, menacing shadows filled the corners of the room. The spirit of the girl betrayed its trouble in a sorrowful groan as she slept. Roger Delane was coming next day. There was every reason why Phyllis should be happy. Silently, Mrs. Bing left the room. She met Martha in the hall.

"I shall want no dinner and Mr. Bing is dining in Hazelmead," she whispered. "Miss Phyllis is asleep. Don't disturb her."

Then she sat down in the darkness of her own bedroom alone.

Chapter Six

In Which Hiram Blenkinsop Has a Number of Adventures

THE Shepherd of the Birds had caught the plague of influenza in March and nearly lost his life with it. Judge Crooker and Mr. and Mrs. Singleton and their daughter and Father O'Neil and Mrs. Ames and Hiram Blenkinsop had taken turns in the nursing of the boy. He had come out of it with impaired vitality.

The Rubber Tree used to speak to him in those days of his depression and say, "It will be summer soon."

"Oh dear! But the days pass so slowly," Bob would answer with a sigh.

Then the Round Nickel Clock would say cheerfully, "I hurry them along as fast as ever I can."

"Seems as if old Time was losing the use of *his* legs," said the Shepherd. "I wouldn't wonder if some one had run over *him* with an automobile."

"Everybody is trying to kill Time these days," ticked the clock with a merry chuckle.

Bob looked at the clock and laughed. "You've got some sense," he declared.

"Nonsense!" the clock answered.

"You can talk pretty well," said the boy.

"I can run too. If I couldn't, nobody would look at me."

"I wish you'd ask Time to bring Pauline back. We must all pray for her to-night," said the Shepherd.

"Now I," said the Little Pine Bureau. "Do you see that long scratch on my side? She did it with a hat pin when I belonged to her mother, and she used to keep her dolls in my lower drawer."

"You'd better lie down and cover yourself up or you'll never live to see her or the summer either," the clock warned the Shepherd.

THEN he would lie down quickly and draw the clothes over his shoulders and sing of the Good King Wenceslas and The First Noël which Miss Betsy Singleton had taught him at Christmas time.

All this is important only as showing how a poor lad, of a lively imagination, was wont to spend his lonely hours. He needed company and knew how to find it.

Christmas Day, Judge Crooker had presented him with a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna and Child.

"It's the greatest theme and the greatest picture this poor world of ours can boast of," said the Judge. "I want you to study the look in that mother's face, not that it is unusual. I have seen the like of it a hundred times. Almost every young mother with a child in her arms has that look or ought to have it—the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world. The light of that old star which led the wise men is in it, I sometimes think. Study it and you may hear voices in the sky as did the shepherds of old."

So the boy acquired the companionship of those divine faces that looked down at him from the wall near his bed and had something to say to him every day.

Also, another friend—a very humble one—had begun to share his confidence. He was the little yellow dog, Christmas. He had come with his master, one evening in March, to spend a night with the sick Shepherd. Christmas had lain on the foot of the bed and felt the loving caress of the boy. He never forgot it. The heart of the world, that loves above all things the touch of a kindly hand, was in this little creature. Often, when Hiram was walking out in the bitter winds, Christmas would edge away when his master's back was turned. In a jiffy, he was out of sight and making with all haste for the door of the Widow Moran. There, he never failed to receive some token of the generous woman's understanding of the great need of dogs—a bone or a doughnut or a slice of bread soaked in meat gravy—and a warm welcome from the boy above stairs. The boy always had time to pet him and play with him. He was never fooling the days away with an axe and a saw in the cold wind. Christmas admired his master's ability to pick up logs of wood and heave them about and to make a great noise with an axe but, in cold weather, all that was a bore to him. When he was not missing, Hiram Blenkinsop found him, always, at the day's end lying comfortably on Bob Moran's bed.

May had returned with its warm sunlight. The robins had come back. The blue martins had taken possession of the bird house. The grass had turned green on the garden borders and was now sprinkled with the golden glow of dandelions. The leaves were coming but Pat Crowley was no longer at work in the garden. He had fallen before the pestilence. Old Bill Rutherford was working there. The Shepherd was at the open window every day, talking with him and watching and feeding the birds.

NOW, with the spring, a new feeling had come to Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He had been sober for months. His old self had come back and had imparted his youthful strength to the man Hiram. He had money in the bank. He was decently dressed. People had begun to respect him. Every day, Hiram was being nudged and worried by a new thought. It persisted in telling him that respectability was like the Fourth of July—a very dull thing unless it was celebrated. He had been greatly pleased with his own growing respectability. He felt as if he wanted to take a look at it, from a distance, as it were. That money in the bank was also nudging and calling him. It seemed to be lonely and longing for companionship.

"Come, Hiram Blenkinsop," it used to say. "Let's go off together and get a silk hat and a gold headed cane an' make 'em set up an' take notice. Suppose you should die sudden an' leave me without an owner?"

The warmth and joy of the springtime had turned his (*Cont. on Page 66*)

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

A Department Conducted by
MERRITTE W. IRELAND
Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army
WILLIAM C. BRAISTED
Surgeon-General of the U. S. Navy
RUPERT BLUE
Surgeon-General, U. S. Public Health Service (Retired)

CURIOUS CONTRADICTIONS IN COMMON EXPERIENCE

THE MEAT EATER

Merritte W. Ireland — Rupert Blue

William C. Braisted

HE was deploring the high cost of meat, because it was the mainstay of his diet. It was not merely a matter of gratification of the taste, he explained. It was a question of health; for, having been much afflicted with "dyspepsia" and having tried many diets, meat he had found agreed with him best. Whenever he listened to what some supposed authority had to say about the inadvisability of eating too freely of meat, on account of the special burden its by-products put upon the liver and kidneys, and he tried, as a consequence, to reduce the amount of it in his diet and to fill in with rice, and potatoes, and oatmeal and vegetables and all those supposedly healthful things of every variety; immediately, he was afflicted with acidity.

Apparently such foods did not digest properly, but "fermented" in his stomach. When he returned to his rich meat diet, his troubles vanished. Wasn't it obvious, then, that much meat was the thing for him?

This man was in something like the position of one who has the alcohol habit and the more he drinks of the injurious liquid the more of it he craves. The eating of too high a proportion of meat in the diet is liable to cause the stomach to secrete an over-amount of acid, which, in turn, will require an over-amount of meat for its utilization.

Stomachs, like people, are victims of habit. When you "feel hungry" it is because the stomach, according to its habit, has secreted a certain amount of acid which is later to be used in the digestion of the protein element in your meal—an element in which meat is very rich. If you have accustomed yourself to a diet low in meat or protein, and composed largely of cereals, fruits and fresh vegetables, you have probably trained your stomach to secrete a small or normal amount of this digestive acid. If on the contrary you have accustomed yourself to a high meat diet, you have probably trained your stomach to the habitual secretion of a large amount of acid for the taking care of it. In the latter event, suppose you suddenly change to a low meat or low protein diet. The stomach cannot adjust its habits all at once, and will keep on for a while secreting its large amount. What, then, is to become of the acid unused?

The unused acid will, of course, cause digestive disturbance: "acid stomach" will afflict you, and you will probably wrongly ascribe your difficulty to the "fermentation" of the starches of a low protein diet!

Foods do not ferment in the ordinary stomach. This was one of the surprising discoveries that came out of a long series of examinations of the stomach contents of dyspeptics supposed to be troubled with this form of indigestion. The investigators were unable to find one case of actual food fermentation. What they did find was an over-supply of the powerful hydrochloric acid which the stomach itself had secreted and from which gas is in some cases liberated. Excessive use of condiments—salt, pepper, mustard, tea and coffee—all have important contributory parts to play. Smoking must also be mentioned as contributing to excess of acid in the stomach.

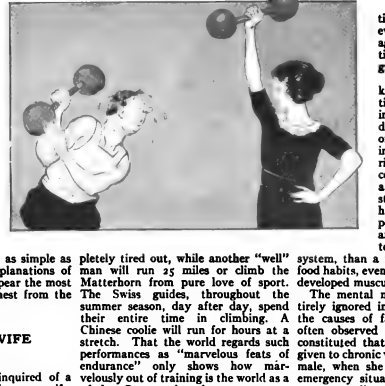
Like other bad habits, those of the stomach can be reformed. We should not try, however, to change them in a twinkling. That is what the meat-eater, who was deploring the high cost of meat, was attempting to do. In his efforts at dieting, he was suddenly feeding to a stomach which had become a big acid-secreter, new material that required little acid. The resulting unused supply of acid in his stomach he connected up with the wrong cause. What he should have done was to reduce his meat very gradually, and thus slowly train his stomach not to supply so much acid. One way to restrain the secretion is to take a little olive oil on lettuce at the beginning of a meal.

DID YOU EVER WONDER WHY—

YOU were troubled with acid stomach most at the very time you attempted to diet? Or why your delicate wife often displayed a greater endurance than your own? Or why that pain vanished when you arrived at the doctor's office? Others have had these experiences, and the explanations here given of their problems may answer yours.

Oil or fat in any form has a restraining effect on the secretion of acid; it "takes away the appetite" or, in other words, it restricts the flow of that digestive acid from which the sensation of hunger is derived.

When a man finds that his own dietetic experiences seem to establish rules of health that are diametrically opposed to those laid down by authoritative health investigators, he may be pretty sure that he is wrong in his diagnosis. Things are seldom as simple as they seem, and those explanations of cause and effect which appear the most obvious may be the farthest from the truth.



THE WEAK WIFE

"How is it," a man inquired of a noted hygienist, "that my wife, who is muscularly weak and delicate, has a greater physical endurance than I have, although I am much larger, eat twice as much, and have two or three times her physical strength?"

"One day I tried to hang some curtains," he continued, "and, in the process, a great deal of holding up of the arms was necessitated. In a short time, my arms became very fatigued. When I started to rest, my wife undertook the job and, to my amazement, she stuck to it much longer than I did, and was apparently not so greatly fatigued!"

This husband observed for himself a phenomenon which has already been given special consideration by scientific men—that endurance is a quality quite distinct from strength.

Strength is measured by the utmost force a muscle can exert once; endurance by the number of times it can repeat an exertion requiring a specified fraction of available strength at the start. Thus, if each one of two men is barely able to lift a dumb-bell weighing 100 pounds, their strengths are equal. But if one of them can raise a dumb-bell weighing 50 pounds, 20 times, while the other can raise it 40 times, the latter may be said to have double the endurance of the former. Another mode of expressing the same thought is that endurance is measured by the slowness with which strength decreases from exertion. The strongest people, therefore, are not necessarily those with the greatest endurance.

When a person is free from all specific ailments, both serious and minor, he usually calls himself "well." There is, however, a vast difference between such a "well" man and one in ideally robust health. The difference is one of endurance or susceptibility to fatigue. Many "well" men cannot run a block for a street car or climb more than one flight of stairs without feeling completely tired out, while another "well" man will run 25 miles or climb the Matterhorn from pure love of sport. The Swiss guides, throughout the summer season, day after day, spend their entire time in climbing. A Chinese coolie will run for hours at a stretch. That the world regards such performances as "marvelous feats of endurance" only shows how marvelously out of training is the world as a whole. In mental work, some men are unable to apply themselves more than an hour at a time, while others, like Humboldt and Mommsen, can work almost continuously through fifteen hours in a day.

As Mosso and others have proved, muscular fatigue is a chemical effect, due to the circulation of "fatigue poisons" in the blood. This has been strikingly shown by experiments on dogs. When blood is transfused from an exhausted dog to a "frisky" one, the latter immediately wilts and becomes fatigued like the former, although he has not exerted himself in the least. These poisons generally come from exertion, but may be produced also by excessive food, or from bad air, or from drugs, or from infections. A heavy eater, and especially a heavy meat eater, is liable to have less endurance than a light meat eater, although of equal strength. This probably accounts, very often, for the surprising endurance of some muscularly weak women, whose habits of eating are very temperate.

In Brussels, an endurance contest was held between two groups of people, one group made up of men and women who did not take meat, and the other of men and women accustomed to the usual amount. Little difference was found in the strength of the two groups, but in endurance, the vegetarians were found to be markedly superior; that is, they could perform a given muscular exertion more times without fatigue. In New Haven, a similar experiment in endurance was conducted, but in this case not with actual vegetarians but with people who ate little meat as against others who ate more. It was found that the small meat eaters greatly out-distanced the heavy meat feeders in the matter of endurance; for instance, they could perform an exercise of "deep knee-bending" some 1,000 times, and in one case even 2,400 times, as against only 400 and 500 times by the opposite group.

It has long been known that the production of poisons from food in the intestines is often due to the putrefaction of "protein," an element in which meat is very rich. It is readily conceivable, therefore, that a woman who is abstemious in her diet may have less putrefactive poisons to cope with, and therefore less potential fatigue in her system, than a man of more sensuous food habits, even though he has a better developed musculature.

The mental makeup cannot be entirely ignored in any consideration of the causes of fatigue. Doctors have often observed that the female is so constituted that although she is more given to chronic worry and fear than the male, when she is put up against an emergency situation, she may exhibit an extraordinary amount of will to endure. In a series of medical examinations of men and women, it was noticed that the men more often fainted from fear than did the women, although it was generally the latter who did the greatest amount of worrying in advance. They had something wiry in their makeup that carried them through. In any endurance contest, this factor of mentality must be reckoned with. All of us have discovered that when we are doing something that we like to do, we can work without fatigue many more hours than when our hearts are battling against necessity.

Any man who would like to equal in endurance his "weak" wife has but to keep his body free from poisons as does she, and to do his tasks as cheerfully.

THE MAN WITH A "PAIN"

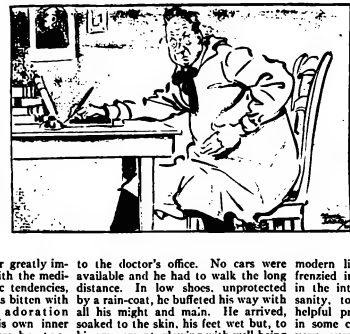
His physical troubles dated from the day he got bitten with the germ of ambition. He had held a mediocre job, and had apparently enjoyed good health, up to that time.

A keen observer might have detected, however, that there had always been certain peculiarities in his mental makeup. He had exhibited an inclination to attract attention from his fellow men, and an apparent desire to appear in some light as finer than they were. Until then, there had never been anything in his achievements with which to feed his vanity. The best he had been able to do was to extract some meager satisfaction from posing as a man of superior wisdom and character; by prating, for instance, of how deeply he hated wrong-doing, how opposed he was to sham in all its forms. Now, most healthy men possess just these virtues without in the least being con-

scious of them, so that already this man's consciousness gave evidence of being a little off the normal track. Later, it became so entirely "dislocated" that it brought on actual physical pain. The story of his experience was this:

A certain writer had published a splendid story, of which many people were talking. It happened that our friend visited a house to which the writer came. The flattery and attention bestowed upon the author greatly impressed the young man with the mediocre job and the egotistic tendencies, and he then and there was bitten with the idea that just such adoration and flattery would suit his own inner cravings, and that therefore he, too, would become an author of note.

It is one thing to become an author from an innate appreciation of the romance and literary qualities of life, but quite another thing to attain the same position from a love of attracting public attention. In the latter case, you may or may not have a real talent for the job. In the case of this particular young man, he exhibited no particular evidence of an appreciation of people or of story-telling ability, having, on the contrary, always been entirely self-centered. And when he tackled the job of writing, he did not seem to be able to say anything that other men had not said in a much better way before. But the more he wrote, and the more he became known among his friends as a man who was, or was to be, a writer, the greater became his vanity over the idea, and the more deeply rooted became his obsession to wrest from the world its awe and admiration. That did not, however, make publishers buy his stuff.



BAFFLED, distressed, then it was that his physical troubles began. He became afflicted with one form of indigestion after another. For days, he spent his entire time cramped over his desk, scribbling, re-scribbling, sending out, getting back, building air castles, having them crushed, neglecting his food, improperly boiling what he did eat, ignoring his exercise, still scribbling, still vainly desiring and with a greater and greater intensity. His physical condition grew more and more deplorable, until finally he became afflicted with a constant pain in his stomach and came to believe that he had some serious disease.

And so, although it was a cold gusty day, one of those extraordinary days of early spring when season conflicts with season, when summer blossoms and smiles in the morning, only to be knocked out by the wild and jealous fury of a winter cyclone of snow and hail—it was in the middle of one of these sudden violent outbursts that our aspiring author was caught on his way to the doctor's office. No cars were available and he had to walk the long distance. In low shoes, unprotected by a rain-coat, he buffeted his way with all his might and main. He arrived, soaked to the skin, his feet wet but, to his amazement, glowing with well-being and entirely free from pain!

WHEN he told his story to the doctor, he was surprised to see how unimpressed was the medical man and when, in turn, he was told that it was highly improbable he had any real "stomach trouble," he was all the more astonished, because the condition was a very rare one.

What the doctor then gave him was a dose of literary romance on the subject of nervous dyspepsia. He called it a "dislocation of consciousness." He explained that on account of some emotional experience, the digestion is interrupted; attention is then called to the digestion—already an abnormal condition—as a result of which the movements of the stomach commence to "hurt." Noting this, the attention becomes more pungently riveted on the stomach symptom, and a vicious cycle is set up, resulting in more stomach symptoms, and more wrongly-directed consciousness. Stomachs are not built to be conscious of. When our minds are directed to them, they are liable to give us trouble, until we redirect our attention into its normal channels—the ordinary affairs of life. A change of environment, a change of work and, at any rate, a change of viewpoint, is often all that is necessary to right an apparently serious stomach trouble. But already the young man of ambition had discovered for himself that just one good battle, with one good storm, had set his stomach right!

AND did he succeed with his ambition? Well, somehow, with a good wholesome pumping of the blood through his system, and a good strong feeling of physical well being, something of his desire for just that one particular thing in life, of shining as an author before his fellow men, was lost in intensity. Apparently, it was out of his over-neurotic condition that the feeling had grown so abnormally strong. With a healthier condition, there appeared to be other desirable things in life, and maybe something better fitted to his talents and capacities. One of our most authoritative hygienists counsels us thus: "The decision which is perhaps the hardest to make and at the same time the most important from the standpoint of health and working-power, is the decision not to care too much about the objects we are seeking to achieve. We need not go so far as to subscribe to the Nirvana philosophy; a certain intensity of desire is normal. But modern life tends toward a morbid frenzied intensity. Most of us need, in the interest of mental health and sanity, to moderate our desires. A helpful precept, when one is failing in some crucial undertaking from his very over-anxiety to succeed, is to replace the ambition to succeed by a determination to pass the crisis unruffled, whether one succeeds or fails. 'He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a City.'"

And when a man's attention gets back on the right track, to a wholesome and unegotistic interest in the affairs of business or professional life, many of his stomach troubles vanish. And the same applies to many other types of human trouble.

HAVE YOU UNSUSPECTED TOOTH TROUBLES?

MAN breathes, eats and drinks micro organisms! But sometimes micro organisms turn the table and do a little eating on their own account. One of their favorite feeding places is on man's teeth, gums and toothsockets.

Before the bacteria may feed upon the teeth and cause the condition of decay with which we are all too familiar, the way must be paved for them by the dissolution of the hard enamel. This is accomplished by acids that are formed by the fermentation of little particles of food left on the teeth. (At once the importance of keeping the teeth clean is apparent.) After the enamel has thus been damaged, the bacteria that are constantly hanging around, looking for trouble, attack the exposed organic material of the tooth. The result is a cavity.

But, in decay, we generally know of it early in its process, and can take prompt measures for its correction, whereas some of our very dangerous tooth and gum troubles, due to bacteria, are painless and may exist for years without becoming known, doing incalculable damage to the teeth and often seriously affecting the whole general health. One of these troubles is pyorrhœa, or Riggs' disease. The first symptoms of it may be bleeding or receding gums, or loosening teeth. It means that bacteria have gotten (*Continued on Page 73.*)

IN making a better America we must have an upward tending stage. In this article Clayton Hamilton, who is not only a notable critic but Hampden's intimate friend, pictures a thorough American of high character whose contribution to the theatre and its purpose has always a touch of the ideal. The personal story of Walter Hampden is an example of work and devotion to the higher meaning of a profession that is rare enough in any field of activity.

Walter Hampden as he appears in his notable impersonation of Hamlet. He played the part one hundred and twenty times for the Shakespeare Playhouse during its initial season

AN IDEALIST OF THE STAGE

The Intimate Story of a Fine Actor

By Clayton Hamilton

WALTER HAMPDEN is now generally recognized as the most illustrious exponent of the part of Hamlet who has appeared upon the English-speaking stage since the death of Edwin Booth. He is only forty years of age; and he has already reached what most actors regard as the ultimate goal of his profession. In the natural course of events, many years of beneficent activity still lie before him.

Such an achievement as Hampden's Hamlet, however, does not reach the public without years of preparation. All that Walter Hampden has ever done or ever been has gone into the composition of this great performance. He has been very fortunate, in the first place, in coming of a fine family and securing an excellent education. He was both a scholar and a gentleman before he went upon the stage; and his culture has given him an unusual background for his work.

From his boyhood, his thoughts have been only of his profession. I met him years ago at the Polytechnic Preparatory School of Brooklyn. A project arose to give a school performance of "The Merchant of Venice," in which Hampden—aged sixteen or seventeen—was cast as Shylock because of his commanding figure and impressive voice. To the surprise of the audience, his performance was remarkable. He decided at once to shape his destiny toward the attainment of professional success upon the stage and his decision was never altered.

Then and afterward, in our Polytechnic Institute days, we used to attend the theatre together, several times a week. We usually sat in the "peanut gallery." This cost us twenty-five cents for every performance; and, to save the necessary money out of our allowances, we habitually walked to-

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Hampden as Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's tragedy. He has played no less than seventy Shakespeare roles

gether, every day, to and from the distant Institute, and went without luncheon for several days at a stretch. Our favorite performer was the great Modjeska. We attended her unforgettable rendition of Lady Macbeth not less than fifteen times; and, after the first few visits, we went home and learned the entire text by heart, in order to be better prepared to study the acting of this incomparable artist. We sedulously cultivated an acquaintance with "Fat" Knowles, the ticket-taker of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in order to seduce this functionary to invite us to attend the frequently recurrent appearance of Modjeska. We used to hang around the lobby; and, when the house was not completely full, "Fat" Knowles, impelled by a spirit of almost parental pity, would pass us in. On one occasion, Walter Hampden dressed himself up in a tail coat and a tall hat, and went to call upon Modjeska, to ask her for a job. The great actress was extremely gracious to him but the interview did not result in an engagement.

When I was sixteen years of age, my parents transferred their residence to Detroit, where they remained for several years, and I—an only child—was left alone in Brooklyn. I was immediately adopted, without legal formality, into the family of Walter's father—the late John Hampden Dougherty; and this was the best thing that ever happened to me. Mr. Dougherty was a scholar and a gentleman; and he was the father of a very remarkable family. In addition, he was one of the leading lawyers of his time. But, to me, as a boy, his professional achievements were less impressive than his literary attainments. He was an inspiration to us all. He could recite, by heart, long passages of the "Paradise Lost" of Milton; he was deeply read in the literary records of our English language; and it was owing to his suggestions that Walter Hampden and I read Sir Thomas Browne aloud in the middle of our teens, and nearly every Elizabethan play extant before we had reached the usual age of going to college.

We became so steeped in the Elizabethan drama that it was but natural that we should follow the Elizabethan pattern in our first joint effort at dramatic authorship. We decided to write a tragedy for Sir Henry Irving, who was one of our favorite actors. We chose, as our hero, Charles the Ninth, King of France; and our action was to culminate with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. We read every history of the period that we could find, in English or in French, and collected many thrilling incidents. These we arranged in a plot that seemed to us worthy of old Dumas. Then we pounded out a couple of acts in meticulous blank verse, filled with old Elizabethan words to make it sound like Shakespeare. Alas, the masterpiece, for some reason or other, was never completed; and Sir Henry Irving went ultimately to his grave without ever reading this poetical effusion of two boys in Brooklyn.

IN 1890, when Hampden was nineteen and I was seventeen, came our big adventure. I shall never forget that journey to Europe. With a third friend, H. G. Leberthon, we discovered painting; we discovered sculpture; we discovered architecture; just as we had previously discovered literature under the parental tutelage of Mr. Dougherty.

Walter Hampden was singularly beautiful in face, in body, and in voice. There was a radiance about him that everyone could see. So, wherever we went, strangers were charmed by our beautiful companion. He walked the world in loveliness; and he seemed to assume, serenely, that everybody else was as lovely as himself.

To a rooming-house in Bloomsbury, London, the three of us went first to live together in a lofty and ill-appointed room in the back parts of the house. We tirelessly toiled all day, visiting historic places, studying pictures in the National Gallery, and dreaming under Gothic vaultings; and, after we had sat in the pit at some performance in the theatre and had come home for the night, we used to sit up in our separate beds for an hour or two while Walter read aloud, by guttering candle-light, the bowl-scene in "King Lear," or an act of "Hamlet," or a group of poems from the Golden Treasury. He read magnificently, with a justness of ear that even in those days, was impeccable.

FROM London, we proceeded on bicycles to Paris. Several things happened to us on the way—among them, the cathedral of Amiens! In such a place, we separated by a common instinct, and wandered about alone for hours, and, when we met again, said nothing; and this became our habit, later, in the Louvre. Arrived in Paris, we enrolled ourselves as students in the École Coloniale, in order to justify our residence in the Quartier Latin; but we ran away from lectures every week-end, to push our bicycles to such cathedral cities as

Rheims, or Chartres, or Rouen. We lived in the Rue d'Assas, very cheaply and very happily; and we sucked in the civilization that is France. We soon found a way to join the "claque" of the Théâtre Français; and, thereafter, we sat night after night in the parterre, applauding at appointed moments the repetitions of the classic repertory.

In 1900, when we had earned our baccalaureate degrees in Brooklyn, Walter Hampden and I parted company for a while. Walter had been tempted, once again, to travel overseas. He wanted to be an actor; and he felt that no man could give forth upon the stage any more than he had taken in. So he wanted to take in more of the treasured art that is stored in Europe.

In the great spectacle, "The Wayfarer," at Madison Square Garden, Hampden played the title role

SO, in 1900, he returned to the Quartier Latin and lived there for a year in the company of his elder brother, Paul Dougherty, who was busy with his painting. There Hampden studied acting with Sylvain, of the Comédie Française; he studied reading with Georges Berr; he studied singing with the foremost teacher at the Opéra; he played assiduously on the 'cello; and he studied fencing with the leading experts in that exercise,—all accomplishments that might be useful in his future profession. His proficiency in French was already peculiar. His ear was so exact that he could speak the language with almost the precision of a Frenchman. In fact, Sylvain seriously urged him to become a French actor and to join the Comédie Française. I remember, too, when we were traveling in Holland, he could always deceive the natives by his easy rendering of Dutch phrases learned by rote from a conversation-book. Neither of us knew a word of Dutch; but he had caught the sound of the language by keeping his ears open. On one occasion, he asked a question of a casual passerby; it was, of course, a question culled from a phrase-book. His interlocutor, never suspecting for a moment that Walter was not a Dutchman, replied at length, in a language that we could not understand, until we ultimately interrupted him with a halting "Thank you."

When Walter Hampden finally felt prepared to seek employment on the stage, he was persuaded by a great friend of his father's—Sir Sidney Lee—to join the celebrated company conducted in the English provinces by Mr. F. R. Benson—now Sir Frank Benson. As an apprentice in the Benson company, Walter played not less than seventy parts in Shakespeare, at a salary of one or two guineas a week. The illustrious records of many old Bensonians indicate pretty clearly that the Benson company is the best of all training schools for actors on the English-speaking stage. In the tragedy of "Hamlet," Walter played with Benson, at one time or another, more than half a dozen of the minor and contributory parts, and became thoroughly familiar with the "business" of the play.

After several years of this apprenticeship, Walter Hampden was invited to appear in London, by an ex-Bensonian, Mr. Otho Stuart, in the leading part of a more or less poetic melodrama in blank verse by Mr. James Bernard Fagan, entitled "The Prayer of the Sword." Walter scored a hit in this piece, and was favorably noticed by William Archer. When "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was offered by the company, Walter played the part of Oberon. The late H. B. Irving was then engaged to play Hamlet, and Walter was cast as Laertes; but, after the first week, Mr. Irving fell ill, and the manager was confronted with the alternative of closing the house or offering a substitute in the stellar role. Mr. Stuart decided to continue the run with Walter Hampden in the part of Hamlet. Walter went on, with one or two rehearsals, and acquitted himself with credit. He was then only twenty-five years old. He wrote me that the performance was not good; but William Archer told me afterwards that it was the most promising performance of the part that had been shown since the first appearance of Forbes-Robertson. I soon received, by word of mouth, news from another friend which was even more encouraging. This friend was Arthur Goodrich. I had given him a letter of introduction to Walter when Arthur told me of his intention of going to London. These two men struck up an eager friendship. When Arthur Goodrich returned to this country with good news of Walter Hampden's Hamlet, I introduced him to the family; and Walter's sister, Alice, is now the wife of Mr. Goodrich.

After Walter Hampden had acted for seven years in England, he decided to come back to this country. I met him at the dock. "I have in my pocket," he said, "a play by a friend of mine, Charlie Kennedy. It is a great play. I have come home to act it." That night, Walter read to me "The Servant in the House," and asked me what I thought about it. "There is only one manager in America," I answered, "who might be persuaded to produce that play. He is a fine fellow, with the enthusiasm of a poet; but he

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A reproduction of Alice Boughton's "Healing the Blind," one of a series portraying the miracles of Christ for which Hampden posed at the time of the Emmanuel Movement

is rather moody and you can never know what he will like." "Who is he?" Walter asked, and I answered, "Henry Miller." "Well, let us sell 'The Servant in the House' to Henry Miller," Walter Hampden said.

The next day, I introduced Walter Hampden to Mr. Samuel McCleary Weller, who was at that time the business manager for Mr. Miller. Walter read "The Servant in the House" to him. He was greatly impressed. A meeting was arranged between Mr. Miller and the "English" actor who had just arrived. Walter walked into the office, said "Good afternoon" in his ordinary voice, and Mr. Miller immediately offered him a year's contract as an actor, at a flattering salary. Walter answered, "I have not come to you to seek employment as an actor; I have come to you to place a play." Mr. Miller offered to read the manuscript; but Walter explained that he had promised the author not to let the manuscript pass out of his own hands, but only to read it himself. Mr. Miller stated frankly that he hated to have plays read to him; but impressed by the face or voice of Walter Hampden, he invited him to Stamford for the week-end.

At his home in Stamford, Mr. Miller settled himself in a hammock and said to Walter Hampden, "Go ahead and read it. I shall probably fall asleep, I

usually do." Walter, with his gorgeous voice, read the first act of "The Servant in the House." "Go ahead," said Mr. Miller. At the conclusion of the reading of the second act, Mr. Miller leaped out of the hammock. "Don't read me any more," he said, "I'll take the play; and we can enjoy the rest of it after dinner. Mr. Weller, draw up a contract: give Mr. Hampden what he wants."

It was thus that "The Servant in the House" was sold; but when the time came to import from England the author, Charles Rann Kennedy, and his wife, Edith Wynne Mattheson, Mr. Miller began to wonder whether or not the piece could possibly succeed in the commercial theatre. Walter Hampden struggled with him half the night in Mr. Miller's rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria; and ultimately the enthusiastic actor secured from the hesitant manager an inviolable promise to produce the play.

THE piece was "tried out" in Baltimore and Trenton; and Mr. Miller did not feel at all optimistic concerning its commercial chances. He even offered to sell a half interest in the production for an inconsiderable sum; but neither Hampden, nor Kennedy, nor I, could summon up sufficient money, at the moment, to back our faith in the play. The arrangements for the first performance in New York were made by Weller and me. We decided to present the piece to an invited audience at a special matinee on Monday, at the unprecedented hour of ten o'clock; to keep the theatre dark on Monday night; and to offer the first public performance on Tuesday evening. By this arrangement, we calculated that the critics would be granted an unusual amount of time for the preparation of their notices. Then we busied ourselves to invite to the initial matinee the most distinguished citizens of New York and its neighborhood. When the time came for the opening, the theatre was crowded with an audience of noted people. This audience received the play with rare enthusiasm; and, after the first performance, the success of the piece was assured.

"The Servant in the House," in all its parts, was excellently acted. In fact, most commentators on the current stage would agree that no finer all-around performance of any drama has ever been shown in New York. In view of this fact, it is amusing to remember that the casting and direction of the play were accomplished almost casually. Mr. Miller, who is one of the ablest producing directors in America, was so busy at the time, with various other matters, that he attended only a few rehearsals; and most of the direction was accomplished by Mr. Kennedy with the assistance of Mr. Hampden. There were only seven parts in the play; and one of these, the page-boy, was inconspicuous. Of the six important characters, three had been cast "within the bosom of the family," so to speak, before the play had been sold to Henry Miller. Walter Hampden, of course, had been predestined to the role of Manson. The part of Auntie had been written for the author's wife, Edith Wynne Mattheson; and the part of Mary, the little girl, had been written for Hampden's wife, Mabel Moore. Mabel Moore was also an experienced Bensonian; and it was in the Benson company that Walter Hampden had met and married her. Her performance of Mary, in this play, was exquisite, and justified the fine promise that she had already shown upon London stage. By a lucky accident, Tyrone Power was then under contract to Henry Miller; and Mr. Miller supplied Mr. Power's services, to create the impressive character of the drain-man. If I remember rightly, it was Mr. Miller who engaged Charles Dalton to play the minister. One important part was left unfilled—the difficult role of the bishop.

IT SO happened that Walter Hampden, Rann Kennedy, and I strolled into the Hotel Astor, rather late one evening. As we were standing in the lobby a somewhat worn man of middle age wandered in. He looked to be down on his luck. Walter Hampden noticed him, and nudged me. "Isn't that Arthur Lewis?" he said. "If it is, I used to know him in London. An excellent actor!" I nodded; and we called Lewis over and asked him how he was. He told us frankly that he was in hard luck and had been out of a job for months. While Kennedy was talking to him, Walter Hampden said to me, "Wouldn't he do for the bishop?" I nodded; and Arthur Lewis was invited to come around to the rehearsal next morning. As a result of this most casual encounter, Mr. Lewis secured an opportunity to compose that impeccable performance which established his success on the American stage.

Hampden's habits seem extremely temperate in all his habits. Though, at certain periods, he has ceased to smoke, he habitually smokes cigarettes, but not cigars or pipes. He is a vegetarian. On this point, he has always been opposed most strenuously by his brother Paul; but Walter continues to be a vegetarian, with no apparent detriment to his health or happiness.

Walter Hampden's serene rendition of the Christ-like role of Manson in "The Servant in the House" appealed very powerfully to a multitudinous public. To critics of the drama, it stamped him as a great actor; but there were many people in his audience whose literal minds were not able to imagine a distinction between the artist and the character it was his duty to portray. During the two years or more when Walter Hampden was playing this Christ-like part throughout the country, he received hundreds of letters from simple people in spiritual difficulties who appealed to him for aid and guidance, as if he were, in very fact, a sort of Messiah. He did not toss these letters into the scrap-basket. He answered every one of them, with sympathy; and he accorded personal interviews to scores of applicants. As a lover of his fellow-men, he deemed it his duty to do all that he could to give a little help to people tangled in distress.

No man can be greater than his religion—whatever it may be; and religion has always been a strong point with Walter Hampden. He is not a member of any sect or of any church. Instead, he has been a sedulous student of many of the great religions of mankind; and he guides his own life, and the lives of those who appeal to him for counsel, by deep religious principles.

In this connection, I wish to testify, however, that the many simple-minded theatre-goers who confounded the character of Walter Hampden with the character of Manson did not go so very far astray. Walter Hampden is the only absolutely blameless man that I have ever known. I have never known him to say a mean word or to do an unkind deed; he has habitually sacrificed himself for others; he has always been a help to the people who have come into contact with him. Everybody who has ever met him will subscribe to this encomium. Walter Hampden, personally, is a sort of moral monument. He stands four-square to all the winds that blow, and betters the tradition of mankind.

After "The Servant in the House" had been running to crowded houses for a year or more, Walter Hampden began to worry about the problem of sustaining the spiritual freshness of his performance. In those days, I used to drop in at his dressing-room; and I discovered that he spent his time offstage in reading. What he read in those waiting moments, was the tragedies of Euripides, in the original Greek. He would read in Greek, the text of "The Trojan Women," until he was summoned for his next entrance in the role of Manson.

WALTER HAMPDEN earned a considerable amount of money from "The Servant in the House," and invested it in a farm in Westchester County; but his popular success in this piece impeded his career as an actor for several subsequent seasons. The magnates of Forty-Second Street, who control the American theatre, are accustomed to think of actors as "types." When a new play was to be presented, Walter Hampden might be recommended by the author for the leading role; but the manager would immediately protest, "Hampden? What yer mean. Hampden! He's the guy that played 'The Servant in the House.' This part is different." Most of the managers forgot that before he had created the character of Manson, Walter Hampden had made a big impression on Broadway by his rendition of the very different and even more difficult role of Ibsen's Master-builder, Solness. The late Clyde Fitch—an excellent judge of actors—selected Walter Hampden to create the leading part in what turned out to be his posthumous play, "The City." One of my most interesting memories of Fitch is of a spring-time afternoon when he read to Walter and myself the first draft of this play, and told us eagerly that he considered it the best thing he had ever done. He

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died that August, before the final draft of "The City" had been revised. The piece, when shown, proved powerful but a little disappointing. Walter Hampden gave an excellent performance; but his part was rather thankless, and this engagement did not enhance his reputation as an actor.

The aura of Manson still hovered around him and impeded his progress toward the sort of success that may be manufactured by the managers. To dispel, once for all, the illusion that he could depict only a character that was Christ-like in its attributes, he agreed to play the tawdry part of the villain in a piece called "Life," by Thompson Buchanan. It was a Drury Lane melodrama of the traditional type, which was joyfully concocted by an American author with his tongue in his cheek. In preparation for this part, Walter Hampden studied carefully the local dialect that is customary among villains in American melodrama. But one day at rehearsal, he forgot himself for a moment; and, when the word "clerk" occurred in his lines, he accidentally pronounced it in the British manner—"clark." He was promptly reprimanded by the stage-director. But then arrived an unexpected interruption. Out of the cavernous darkness, underneath the distant balconies of the huge Manhattan Opera House, boomed forth the voice of an unseen visitor. It was unmistakably the voice of Billy Brady—the owner of the show. "Wait a minute," said the voice. "You're the villain, Walter, ain't yer?" "Yes, sir." "You want them to hate yer, don't yer?" "Yes, sir." "Then say clark!"

This is almost the only occasion when Walter Hampden has been caught in a linguistic error. He is one of the few performers on our stage who normally and naturally speak the English language, by which I mean a language that is neither local American nor locally British. It would be impossible to determine, from the sound of his ordinary conversation, whether he had been born in England or in the United States. He came of a cultured family in Brooklyn, and never went abroad till he was nineteen years of age; yet he first appeared upon the stage in England, and played there for seven years before he returned to his native country. His speech is not British, like that of most of the actors who come to us from England; nor is it American, like that of most of our actors who are native born. It is, in sound, the speech of Shakespeare.

Above, Walter Hampden as Andrea and Lily Brayton as Ilaria in "The Prayer of the Sword." Below, Hampden in his most famous characterization—that of Manson in "The Servant in the House"

Poetic parts like Manson are not written for an actor every year; and, for several seasons, Walter Hampden was required to worry along in inconspicuous parts for which he was not especially fitted. He is, essentially, a poetic and romantic actor; and he is wasted in realistic roles. His face and figure are better suited to costume than to clothes; and his voice is better suited to the reading of verse or formal prose than to the delivery of casual conversation. I have never seen him give a poor performance; but, once or twice, in modern plays, I have seen him so impeded by an uncongenial medium that he has looked, at moments, like a bad actor. Yet what was an artist of this type to do in a period when the only plays that were favored by the managers were plays which did not offer opportunities for the display of his peculiar talents?

Walter Hampden did the only thing that could be done. He earned his living; he bided his time; and he studied the part of Hamlet for a dozen years. He was not satisfied with this apprentice-effort; and he regarded his success in London—when he was twenty-five—not as an end but only as a beginning. His present Hamlet was gradually made up in his mind through many years of patient study. He has consulted nearly every accredited Shakespearian scholar in England and America during the course of this thorough and leisurely preparation.

But no American manager could be persuaded to risk money on a revival of the tragedy of "Hamlet"; and Walter Hampden was obliged to wait and wait for an opportunity to show what he could do. The opportunity at last came casually. Mr. Frank McEntee conceived an (*Cont. on Page 70*)

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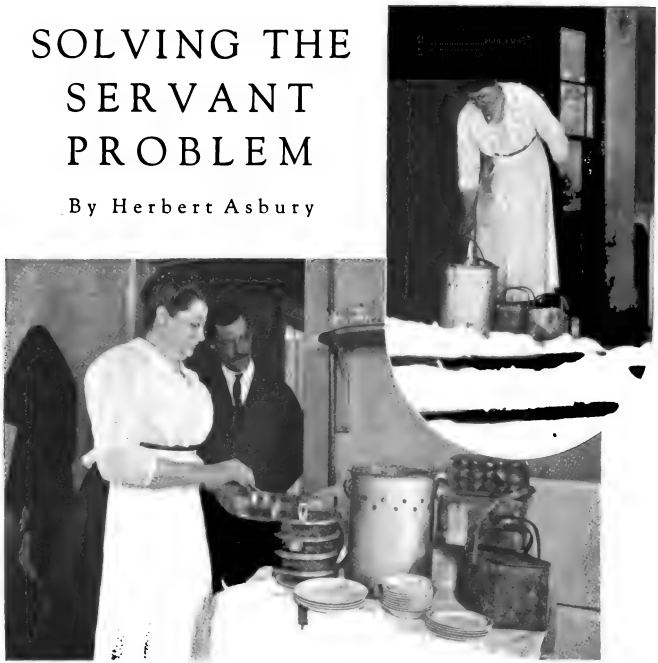
SOLVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By Herbert Asbury



In Montclair, New Jersey, the Community Kitchen delivers piping hot meals to customers all over town. The housewife finds dinner on the front porch, ready to serve

ACCORDING to the gazetteer, Montclair is a residential town in New Jersey, with banks and schools and churches and manufactories, thirty minutes from New York City by way of the Hudson Tubes or the Erie and Lackawanna Railroads, with a population in 1919 of about 28,000.

But the citizen of Montclair takes a more roseate view of his town. He amplifies the gazetteer's description into "a veritable paradise of schools and churches and well-paved streets and handsome homes." He passes lightly over the manufacturing business with its disfiguring and discomforting effects; he argues strenuously about the population; and he adds that Montclair is the one place in the United States where the maid and cook problems have been even partially solved. He, and more particularly, she, calls the town a sort of maidless Utopia, a place where a cook is all right if one can be found and employed for anything short of the family fortune, but where a cook is not absolutely necessary.

The reason? Why does Montclair call herself the maidless Utopia, and how has the town solved the servant problem? Well, thus runs the answer.

Mrs. Montclair went to New York shopping and met Mrs. Newark, her dear friend, whom she had not seen for weeks. They lunched together and it came out that Mr. Newark and the Newark children were not at home and so Mrs. Newark was able to accept Mrs. Montclair's invitation to dinner.

"We'll stay in town and go to a matinee," said Mrs. Montclair, "and get home about six or half past, about the time that Mr. Montclair arrives."

"But won't that delay your dinner?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Montclair. "We shall have dinner about seven or earlier."

"You're fortunate," sighed Mrs. Newark, "I've been trying to get a cook for ages, but I can't find one anywhere."

"I have no cook, either," said Mrs. Montclair.

"But you can't possibly get home in time to cook the dinner yourself," objected Mrs. Newark.

"Well, I have no cook," repeated Mrs. Montclair cryptically, "and I haven't cooked a dinner for months. I won't cook one to-night, either!"

"Then how on earth will you manage?"

"Wait and see," laughed Mrs. Montclair. "I shall not cook, my husband

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will not cook, my children cannot cook, and we have no cook, yet when we get home our dinner will be waiting for us!"

They reached the Montclair home about half-past six and, as they went into the house, Mrs. Montclair picked up and carried with her a receptacle that looked like a lard can. It had been standing on the porch beside a small wicker basket.

"Come into the kitchen with me," she said, "and I'll show you."

MRS. MONTCLAIR placed the receptacle on the kitchen table and opened it. Inside, Mrs. Newark saw four glass casseroles, set in brackets one on top of the other, each with a close-fitting aluminum cover, and each filled with soup or meat or vegetables —everything that goes to make up a four or five course dinner, and the whole resting securely above a lighted can of solidified alcohol. In the wicker basket, were pie and pudding for dessert and a salad.

"There is our dinner:" said Mrs. Montclair.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Newark, "I see. You ordered it sent in from a restaurant."

Mrs. Montclair shook her head. "There are five dinners in this container," she said, "and no restaurant that I know of would cook and deliver any sort of dinner for less than two or three dollars each. If I could afford to do that sort of thing I could afford to hire a cook at any price. Moreover, this container has been on the porch since five o'clock and, although it is now nearly seven, the food is still piping hot. Do you think a dinner sent in from a restaurant would remain warm that long? After an hour or so it would be uneatable."

"Then where does it come from?" asked Mrs. Newark.

"From the Montclair Community Kitchen," replied Mrs. Montclair. "While I was in New York I simply telephoned to the Kitchen and said that I wanted dinner for five people and at five o'clock the expressman came and put the dinner on my porch and an hour and a half later I came along and carried it into the house. And after dinner I shall wash these containers—you know how easy it is to wash glass—put them back on the porch and the expressman will come and get them. And that's all there is to it—no maid, no cook, no troubles, and usually plenty of food left over for to-morrow's lunch."

And that's all there is to it!

BUT anybody, say, for instance, a man who has been in the Army and done a bit of kitchen police, one who has cooked and then spent hours and hours scouring pots and pans, would hardly believe that is all there is to it! The members of the one hundred and eighty families who use the Montclair Community Kitchen cannot believe that is all there is to it, either. They believe that the Community Kitchen is the most convenient and the finest thing in all of New Jersey, because through it they are enabled to go when and wherever they like during the afternoon, and not have to hurry back and cook the dinner if they haven't a maid—and there seem to be very few families, nowadays, who have maids. They can go to a matinee in New York, for example, and sit seriously through the entire show instead of hurrying out just as the most exciting things begin to happen, to catch a train and get home in time to see about dinner. They see all of the show, because they have telephoned the Kitchen and they know that when they get home, dinner for the whole family, cooked and ready to serve, will be waiting on the front porch.

THERE is one family, in particular, in Montclair which holds that there is nothing in the world as fine as the Montclair Community Kitchen. This family drove to Philadelphia in a motor not very long ago. It was a fairly warm winter day when they left Montclair, but the next day, when they started home, the weather was cold and blustery, and it began to snow before they were twenty miles from Philadelphia. They faced the unhappy prospect of driving into Montclair in a snow storm, and of going into a cold house and cooking dinner—a dismal outlook.

"Let's try that new Community Kitchen," suggested Mrs. X, "I don't want to have to cook dinner when I get home."

So, at Trenton, Mr. X sent a telegram to the Community Kitchen:

"Send four dinners to the home of Mr. X."

And when the automobile stopped in front of the X home and the four members of the family alighted cold and uncomfortable, there on the front porch was the aluminum container and beside it the little wicker basket with the pie and the cake and the pudding. Long before they could have started the furnace and thawed themselves out and cooked dinner, Mr. X and his family (*Continued on Page 64*)

Getting a proper container was one of their hardest problems. Glass is used because it is easier to wash

NONE SO RICH

By Theodocia Pearce

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

SPARKLING cut glass, shaded lights, embroidered towels,—all the appointments of a perfect home. These were the things pretty, adorable Alma Knight wanted before she would consider getting married. Not until life gave her a vision of what real riches are, did she realize that these things are only the tinsel trappings of existence. You will find the Alma of this story a much sweeter woman than the girl you last saw in "None So Young."

"YES!" Martha said at the dinner table that evening, as she gave Bruce his second helping of mashed potatoes, "Yes! Ed went back to the grocery business."

"What?" Henry looked up quickly and Martha noted the relief in his tone. "He did, eh? Well, I am glad. What's Bertha got to say, Martha?"

"You know Bertha," Martha smiled wryly, "as usual she didn't say much. But she is satisfied."

"Well, I should hope so," Bruce said, "I should hope so. If her food is coming in free, I guess she can swallow it easy."

"A lot you know," Alma chided. "Food isn't everything. There are lighting bills and coal bills and clothing bills and—"

"And we wouldn't be here to pay one blooming bill," Bruce cut in, "if we didn't cash in on the food bill first. I would like to see the guy who would rather pay for a dress suit than a square meal. If you're going to gimme a job, make it the sort Ed's got."

"Well, anyway," Alma regarded the ring flashing color from the third finger of her left hand, "whatever bill you pay first or last, first and last it's bills, bills, bills. I guess, Bruce Knight, reasoning on the strength of your appetite, you know mighty little about the High Cost of Living."

"What you mean," said Bruce, "is the High Cost of Loving! I guess I know more about it than you think I do. I guess I'm not blind," he winked at his mother, "or deaf either."

"Bruce!" cried Alma.

"If you're going to rave on about the High Cost of Loving," Bruce proceeded glibly, "as you've been doing this last week, why don't you cut down on the expenses? I think two nights a week ought to be enough. But every night! And the way you talk to Mom out in the kitchen. Yep, I hear you, and I betcha Mrs. Sloane up at the corner hears you, too. Well, the way you talk to Mom about the price of things gets my goat." He lifted a spoonful of green peas. "Why when I put this business in my mouth, you make me feel as though I were chewing nickels."

"Well," Alma insisted, "I don't care what you chew, canned goods do come high."

Bruce glared across at her.

"Yep!" he said, "if you really know the price of anything, it's canned goods. I bet you've got them down pat. I bet you know more about canned goods than all the manufacturers put together. I sure will give you credit there. Golly, but I feel sorry for Buster," Bruce rolled his eyes tragically, "omelettes and cocoa and hashes and canned goods when you keep house. Get me, Pop? Canned goods and cocoa and—"

"Bruce, shut up!"

"I'd like to hear you say that just once to Buster, you just bet I would. I'd like to hear you. Say now, I'd miss a ball game just to listen. By Jove! I'd like to warn Buster what's coming to him—omelettes and cocoa and hash!"

"Don't you suppose I'll—" Alma interrupted.

"Canned goods!" Bruce ended shrilly.

ALMA shrugged her shoulders. "Honest, Bruce Knight, you give me a pain the way you carry on sometimes. It ought to be stopped. Don't you suppose I know what I am doing? Don't you suppose I know how to read a cook book? Don't you suppose I can learn a few things from Mamma?"

"Sure you can, if you will," Bruce grinned. "But anyone like you who knows so much about the price of canned—"

"Bruce," Martha put in, "there's mince pie for dessert. You'll never be ready for it if you don't stop talking."

"It's just as bad one way as the other," said Alma. "Eating or talking, Bruce runs the limit. But, anyway things do come high and you can't get away from the High Cost of Living. You know what I mean, don't you Mamma?"

"Yes!" Martha said and she noticed that Alma's lips were quivering. "Yes —I know what you mean."

Later, she called Bruce into the kitchen.

"You know, Bruce, she began, "we have to be pretty good to Alma. We aren't going to have her with us so very long. About June, Buster will be taking her away."

"Golly!" Bruce whistled softly.

"And it does cost to live, Bruce," she went on slowly. "It does cost a great deal. Alma won't have an easy time at first, Bruce, making ends meet. And, sometimes, I don't think she understands when you tease her so. Sometimes we don't, Bruce—if we are worried or anything."

"Say, Mom!" Bruce regarded her fixedly. "Do you want me to go in there and tell Alma what I think of her? Do you want me to tell her that she beats the bunch for looks, that there isn't another girl in this burg can hold a candle to her. When she gets that rose rag of hers on, she makes Mrs. Cecil Burrows look like a dish washer. Say, do you want me to go in there and tell her that? Listen, Mom," he paused and Martha listened, "she's in there banging down on the piano, and can't she make the racket though? Say, do you want me to go in there and tell her that I think Buster so lucky that he ought to get down on his knees?"

"No," Martha laughed, "I don't want you to do any such foolish thing. She'd only turn and stare at you, anyway."

"YEP," Bruce agreed, "and it might be her head she'd turn, not the piano stool. What is it you want me to do anyhow, Mom?"

"I don't want you to blame Alma because she isn't settled and domesticated like some girls. I want you to blame me."

"No, Mom," Bruce thrust his hands into his trouser pockets. "If it comes to blaming *you*—I'll be blamed if I blame anybody. Just between ourselves, Alma's O.K."

Alma came out then and dried the dinner dishes for Martha.

"Buster won't be over to-night, Mamma," she said. "He's busy down at the office. I'll bring my fancy work down to the living room and we can talk together."

"That will be nice," Martha agreed. It was so long since she had had an evening with Alma. What a joy it

"It's like this, Mamma," Alma confessed. "Buster wants me to marry him in June but I don't see how I can—not on that salary"

would be. Alma always so gay, so radiant, coming and going, fluttering here, there, everywhere, like a gorgeous butterfly!

Later, Martha went into the living room, mending basket in hand. A fire was crackling in the grate and casting ruddy shadows on the walls. Martha drew a chair near the hearth and sat down. Henry and his evening paper were huddled close to the glow of the reading lamp. Martha loved the subdued lights and the sweet silence of this after-dinner hour. It was precious to her, even as a hushed hour can be precious. Upstairs, she heard Bruce whistling in his room. Martha opened her mending bag and peeked in.

"I'd best darn Henry's socks first," she reasoned and smiled. "For he's always needing them." Threading her needle, she looked over at the leaping lights and shadows of the fire. And looking, Martha thought that Life was pretty much like that fire—leaping lights and shadows. Life had flamed high for her; she had known bounding hope and she had found great gladness with her children. And Life had burned low for her; she had had lost dreams and hours of care and discouragement. A tongue of flame darted suddenly and Martha thought of Alma, bright, glowing, beautiful, leaping to sudden flame like that with the coming of Buster. Martha was glad for Alma, glad with a poignant gladness, that folds itself away in the heart and is silent. What Martha had left behind her, Alma was ready to go out to receive. What Martha held in memories, Alma held in dreams. Alma was herself re-born. Alma—

The telephone jangled in the hall. Henry threw down the paper and went out to answer it. Martha heard his voice but she did not catch the words.

HE came back presently and said, "It's Mrs. Martin, Martha. She wants us to run over for a little game of cards."

"I don't know," Martha considered, and in her consideration there was Alma. "I don't know as I had better go, Henry, just getting up to-day. But if Sarah's brother is home, you just run right along. That will make an even four for a game."

"Sure you don't mind, Martha?"

"Absolutely," Martha's voice was convincing. "Better hurry back to that phone, Henry, and tell Sarah you'll be over." Martha knew Henry's weakness for a friendly game of cards. She put aside her sewing and went into the hall to help him on with his overcoat, pat him on the back, and shove him gently out the door.

"Don't you dare to stay out later than eleven," she warned him, "or I'll be waiting for you with the potato-masher."

"You'd better wait," Henry called back and Martha laughed softly to herself as she shut the door. How happy she was with her family!—how happy.

She went back to the fire and her darning. Ten minutes she waited, fifteen, twenty, and no Alma. So Martha deliberately put aside her sewing and marched upstairs. She found Alma in her room at her desk, bent over a slip of paper, her forehead wrinkled in a frown, her red mouth petulant, and she was dallying with a pencil.

"What's the trouble, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, it's the everlasting High Cost of Living!" said Alma. "Just read it, Mamma."

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So Martha read:

Rent	$50.00
Food (4 weeks x $15)	60.00
Furniture	25.00
Total	$135.00
Buster earns	$150.00
We spend	135.00
Balance (For clothes, pleasures and incidentals.)	$15.00

"Well," said Martha, "what about it, Alma?"

"It's like this, Mamma," Alma confessed; "Buster wants me to marry him in June but I don't see how I can—not on that salary. He's making a hundred and fifty a month, you know. It sounds a lot and it *is* a lot—until two start to live on it. Buster thinks we can manage, but I can't figure it out. He says it will be hard for a time but you know he has a good job, lots of chances for advancement, Mamma, and all that. But still, I can't see how we will ever be able to live on that salary."

"You know, Alma," said Martha, "life has its ups and its downs—especially married life."

"WELL, according to cost, I guess it's mostly ups," Alma took up the list, "First, there's rent. No matter where you live, you can't escape the first thing and that's rent. We thought a little bungalow out Elmwood Park way would be nice, or one of the row of new ones on High Street. There is one thing we both want and that's a home. We could board you know, Mamma, and I could keep on at the office for a while yet, but we don't want it that way. We want a home—a little place of our own. Do you understand, Mamma?"

Martha nodded. Yes, she understood. She had her memories; Alma had her dreams.

"And we are agreed, Mamma, that we must keep up appearances. Buster's job demands that, for one thing, and, well—I demand it for another. But rent comes so high, Mamma. Why, it is just terrible. You can be mighty glad Dad owns this house."

"There are taxes," Martha put in.

"Oh, well," Alma twirled the pencil in her fingers, "taxes are different! But rent, well, you just have to pay it out every month. You just *have to!* And, if we marry, I want a little house to keep just as Buster wants a home to come to every day after the office. And next," Alma looked at the list, "there is food. I guess you remember what Bruce said about the food bills. We simply must eat. We have always had good things at home, Mamma. We simply couldn't skimp on our food."

"I should say not!" Martha said promptly.

"I guess you know what things cost, Mamma. I've put it down at fifteen dollars a week, that makes sixty dollars a month. I am not sure we could do it on that but anyway we could try. Then, there's the furniture. Buster has some money saved. We'd pay that down on our things and the rest we'd pay by the month. That leaves the balance for ourselves only fifteen dollars a month. How can we ever pay for our clothes and amusements and all the incidentals, car fare and smokes for Buster and other things, how can we pay for them all on that fifteen dollars? Why it's impossible, that's all there is to it. Buster wants the wedding in June and I tell him we will just have to wait."

"DON'T you want a wedding in June, too?" Martha asked her.

"Why, of course I do," Alma wreathed her arms above her head. "Why, of course I do, Mamma, but all because of the H. C. of L. I just can't have one. I want Buster, Mamma, and Oh! I want a little home, too—a little place of my own—" her voice took on a dreaminess, "I want a dear little house, Mamma. I've always wanted it, with a fire-place and a rose-shaded light in the living room, and a whole dinner set, Mamma, some pretty pattern you know, and a few pieces of cut glass sparkling on the buffet in the dining-room. And I want nice linen in the sideboard drawers, snowy tablecloths and napkins, I want shining pots and pans in the kitchen, embroidered towels in the bath room, pantry spreads and pillow cases in the bedrooms. Oh! I do want all those things to take care of, Mamma, to call my very own. I couldn't be happy without them. I want them so badly I can wait longer, just to have them. I couldn't be like Alma and Jack, marry anyway and struggle along at the start. I couldn't do the way they do, when I go to see them—apologize for their poverty. I just couldn't do that, Mamma. I'd want to be proud of my place right at the start. I'd want to ask my chums to often and often, tea and those little fancy iced cakes and I wouldn't want to be thinking all the time, 'How much is this costing me?' What can I do without to-morrow?' Oh, I don't mind waiting for happiness, Mamma, if I am sure it is coming to me, after a time. I don't mind waiting."

"And Buster?" . . .

"Well, Buster will just have to wait," Alma tilted her head coquettishly. "He just can't get married without me. And he said he'd rather wait and have me sure, Mamma, than not to have me at all. Buster does say some nice things sometimes. It's really hard to wait too. Why, I'd like the whole thing right now, to-morrow, right now, this minute. But we can't have everything."

"BERTHA didn't have everything at the start," Martha said.

"Well, Bertha's different, Mamma. I'm not like Bertha! She could take a towel and make a stand cover out of it. I couldn't. *I'd want a stand cover.* Why, when they couldn't paper the living room, she hung pictures over the soiled spots. *I couldn't.* I'd never enjoy those pictures. I'd know what was behind them and want new paper. Bertha is different. I admire her tremendously but I can't be like her. Honestly, I can't."

No, that was true. Alma could not be like Bertha! Bertha was willing to plod through life; Alma seemed made to dance along. Bertha and Alma—both so different—both belonging to her.

"I'll go now," said Martha, "I am sorry it isn't working out just the way you want it, Alma," she laid a hand on her girl's shoulder and Alma caught at it. "Perhaps," Martha added, "perhaps Henry and I can help you some."

"No!" Alma shook her head. "No, you can't help, Mamma. We'll just have to wait, two years about, and may be they won't seem so long. Buster will have had a raise by then and surely prices will drop some. They can't soar much higher. Two years won't be so hard, Mamma, and I would rather wait until the outlook is better. Buster will see it just as I do when I show him this list. Don't you worry about us, Mamma," she patted Martha's hand. "We won't be unhappy waiting and some day we will be happier because we did."

Martha turned to go downstairs.

"I wanted to talk to you to-night," Alma said as Martha paused on the threshold, "but there are some letters here I really must write. I think, though, I've said some things—don't you?"

"Yes," Martha agreed, "you have said some things, Alma, dear"

She took a look in at Bruce sprawled out on his bed reading a book.

"That is some story," she assured her. "About a guy and the gold rush. Another week, and it's more algebra for mine! But say, Mom, this chap is some fellow!"

MARTHA left with a warning. "Don't read too long, Bruce," and went down the hall to her own room. In the dark, she sat down on the bed and stared into space, her hands listless in her lap. Some sense of inertia possessed her, almost a weariness wrapped itself about her. What was the matter—what was the matter? Tired? No, she wasn't tired; she had rested—those long lazy days in bed, with Bertha working in the kitchen. No, she wasn't tired to-night, and yet she felt lifeless. She had not been that way at dinner or while she was washing the dishes. She had been all right washing the dishes. It was after she had been in Alma's room that the strange sense of dejection had come. After Alma had told her that she and Buster must wait.

And Martha sitting alone in the dark realized that a dream had been shattered, a light had gone out, a hope had been broken—a dream she had had for Alma. Two years! To Martha it seemed a long while—such a long while to wait for Alma's little home! But Alma didn't seem to think it would be so long. She thought of it as just two years.

Martha remembered how it had been with herself, she and Henry, ready to make a humble beginning, unafraid of a struggle together. She remembered the little house on Christie Street. Such

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a tiny little place! How bare it was, at first. There had been so little in the front room—a center table with the family Bible upon it, and later she had crocheted a pink mat to place under the Bible, a mat to match the antimacassar that was draped over the back of the one rocker. And there had been a sofa, a poor excuse for luxury it was, and two straightbacked chairs. But to Martha, it had been a beautiful room. She had laughed at the bareness. She had wanted many things—the stand photo album; a draped shelf, whereon she might stand a china vase or two; and a little bank. Martha was aware of all the things wanting in her first home, aware of the emptiness of her front room—the parlor. But she loved it, nevertheless. She was not ashamed of her poverty. It never occurred to her to apologize for it.

Neither had it ever occurred to her at that time to wait two years. She had been willing and glad to do without things, just to have a humble home with Henry. But Alma wanted to wait. Alma wanted sparkling cut glass and shaded lights and embroidered towels. She was willing to wait because she wanted those things.

"IT'S the high cost of living that makes it impossible," Martha reasoned. "Things were cheap in my day, not terrible like now. And labor was cheap, too. Buster's one hundred and fifty a month would have meant riches then."

Two years! Well, Alma was young and two years would pass. Then, she could have everything she had waited for. There seemed no way to solve that problem of living and its cost, no way but to meet it daily. Alma could never skimp and save and measure and portion. She must always have enough. Even Martha had kept a parlor. There was always food for two in those days. And often, going suddenly into the dimness of the little parlor, she had stared fixedly at the simple furnishings and yearned for a horse-hair sofa with chairs to match, a small organ, a china cabinet, and so on. Then Henry would come home, come gaily up the narrow path to greet her, and she would forget to yearn, she would smile instead and think to herself, "If the parlor is empty there is all the more room in it for love!"

Bertha hadn't had everything either, but Bertha had been ready to begin humbly with Ed. But Alma was like a gorgeous butterfly waiting for a summer dawn. She must flit about in the sunshine!

Then Martha felt a strange keen resentment at the conditions of to-day, which made it necessary for Alma to wait two years. Why were prices so high and rents so terrible. They said the world was better, more wonderful and, since the war, a safer world to live in. Yet circumstances, like a strong wind, had blown out the lamp of dreams for Alma.

Two years to wait! It seemed unfair. Oh! if one could only reckon living without the cost, the high cost. Why were the sustenance and the essentials of life so dear—so beyond reach? Was it because in reality they were priceless?

Martha was very much in the dark. She could not solve the enigma of existence. Like hundreds of others, she could not solve the problem of the high cost of living. She met it daily, combatted with the high prices and came through somehow.

ONE night in March Buster came in to dinner with a look of concern upon his boyish face that troubled Martha. There was something of pretense in his ready smile, something forced that did not escape her scrutiny. She wondered if she could find out just what was the matter. After dinner, in the living room, she tried.

"How's business going, Buster?" she asked.

"Well," Buster settled back in his chair, "it's going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Our cars really can do better than that you know. We're putting a new motor truck on the market this week—"

"How's that?" Bruce asked. "What is it, Buster."

"The Marathon Motor Truck," Buster went on. "A slick outfit, Bruce. Come around some day and I'll show you. I'll give you a little demonstration in salesmanship."

"I'll be there." Bruce seized a sofa pillow and shot it across the room at Alma. She was playing the piano. "For the love of Mike, Alma, let up a while, can't you. Say, I'll be there," he turned again to Buster. "How's it done, this salesmanship business anyway? I'm not counting on doing anything like that myself, but a fellow kinda likes to know."

"You bet a fellow kinda likes to know how," Buster took him up. "I wish I knew more about it myself. We've a chap coming into the warehouse to-morrow from some big manufacturing firm in Canada. He's coming to give those Marathon Trucks the once-over. If I could only put them over just once, there might be something doing."

"OH, Buster," Alma twirled on the piano stool, "tell us about them."

"Nothing to tell," said Buster. "Absolutely nothing to tell. A motor truck is a motor truck and I can't make it appear any different to anyone. But if I could only talk this chap into buying, we would have about fifty thousand dollars worth of new business coming to us."

Bruce leaned forward with interest, "Tell us more about those trucks?"

"Say," Buster turned eagerly, "what's up, Bruce? Want to buy a Marathon? Handy little truck you bet, built to make the grade, carry the load, and a neat looking machine into the bargain. They've got speed for a motor truck, too. You bet Marathon is the name all right!"

"Are you going to tell that to the chap from Canada to-morrow?"

"Well, rather! And a whole lot more. Have you anything to say about it?"

"I was wondering," said Bruce, "if it wouldn't count for a whole lot more to show him a truck rather than to talk truck at him."

"I don't talk truck," Buster laughed, "I talk business."

"Fill up your gas tank then," Bruce said emphatically. "Fill up your gas tank and crank her up. Get me?"

"I can't say I do," Buster reflected.

"Well, you're slow if you don't," said Bruce. "Now, listen and I'll tell you what's in my mind."

"We're listening," Alma said gaily.

Bruce began, "Aren't you going to do something more than talk about your trucks? What's the use of wasting words to make a truck go, when gas does it. My idea is to load a truck to its full capacity—its full capacity—and take your man out for a little spin."

"That's some idea, Bruce. Where'd it come from?"

"Ancestors, I guess," and Bruce grinned.

Buster threw back his head and laughed. "It sure did, Bruce. Why, that idea is as old as the hills, or rather as old as the oldest motor truck."

Bruce glared at him a moment.

"SAY, but you're about as sharp as Mom's bread knife. I said take him for a little spin! I didn't say take him for a ride along the main streets in a baby carriage. I said take him for a spin in a motor truck. And when I say spin—I mean *spin!*"

"And do you mean truck when you say truck?" Alma asked.

"Say you go and chase yourself," said Bruce, but he turned back to Buster. "Take a hand at the steering gear. Take him for the kind of a ride that he won't forget when he's a grandfather. You said your trucks were built to make a grade, didn't you?"

"I sure did."

"Well, make a grade then," Bruce's fist came down with a crack on the center table. "Golly! Make it then. Say, suppose you take your man for a spin out along the Cliff Road. What's the matter with the Cliff Road, eh? Some grade there, you bet, some spiffy turns all right. Just you try it—just you try it once! And don't forget to load her up. Put in two tons of scrap iron if you can't find anything else. Don't tell him what your old truck can do—make it speak for itself. Make it spurt gas and mud! You'll get the real dope on the Cliff Road this time of the year and I guess I don't have to tell you where to look for gas. Take him for such a ride he'll come back winded! Bump something into him, jingle the coin in his pockets, raise the hair of his head every time you take a curve. Some curves there, you bet! Take him for a ride that is *worth* fifty thousand, not one of those nickel jitneys. Get me, now?"

Buster sprang to his feet and started for the hall door. "Thanks for the tip, Bruce. If I could only land that order, the Marathon Trucks are made. So long, to-night," he called back to Martha. "Yes, I'll be going. I've got to hunt up a scrap iron dealer to-night. Our customer will be around

Bruce leaned forward, "Wouldn't it count for a whole lot more to show him a truck rather than to talk truck?" Buster laughed. "I talk business," he said gaily, "I don't talk truck."

early in the morning."

"There's an old stove in the cellar if you want it," Henry suggested.

"Yep, and you can borrow the piano for one night if you want that." Bruce gazed innocently at Alma, "I'd like to miss it for just one night."

"And take the ice box," Alma broke in. "Do take the ice box, Buster. I'd like to miss it out of the kitchen for just one night."

"Well, I'll come back," Buster promised, "if I can't get the junk elsewhere. I'll drive around in the morning."

"I'll bet you drive around anyway," said Bruce. "About eight-thirty. Nice little habit isn't it?"

Buster turned around, "I'll get you yet, Bruce," he warned.

"Don't get me, get that fifty thousand."

THE next morning, while the Knights were at breakfast, the telephone rang furiously. Alma answered the call.

"It was Buster," she said.

"Tell me something I don't know," sang Bruce.

"That would be impossible," Alma replied sarcastically. "He just wanted to say that he wouldn't need the stove. His boss thinks it's a capital idea to give the Canadian a real demonstration of the Marathon. But the Canadian can't take his wonderful ride until four this afternoon, so Buster has all day to load up. He has a truck out now," she laughed, "and he's junk gathering."

"I wish it was Saturday," said Bruce, "but it never is—not when you want it to be."

Martha thought of Buster many times during the day and smiled at her work. But it was more than a smile of amusement—it was a smile of sympathy and hope. How she yearned that Life would give joy to him and to Alma. The two years of waiting were, to Martha, pathetic and poignant and pitiful.

She was in the kitchen as usual when Alma returned at five.

"It's perfectly terrible outdoors, Mamma. Windy old March and a nasty drizzle! There's a white mist and it's the kind of a night on which one likes to be shut up in a cosy house with thoughts and dreams, and Oh, Mamma! what do you think I did to-night?"

"I can't guess," Martha went into the pantry and came back with the egg beater, "I can't guess, so tell me."

"I bought a dinner set!"

"What?" Martha looked up and Alma laughed gaily.

Bruce was a forlorn, disconsolate figure hunched up in Henry's chair. "This is awful, Mom," he said. "I told him to go"

"I bought a dinner set," she repeated.

"Why?" Martha gasped, "you won't be needing it."

"Well, I should think I will," Alma said, "I should just think I will, Mamma. It's the most beautiful design, tiny forget-me-nots and butterflies. I said to the man, 'I can't buy it all at once but, if you will put it away, I'll be glad to get a few pieces at a time.'

So I am to have six cups on Saturday. I'll store them all in the attic until I marry. It's the sweetest set, Mamma, and I can buy it all in about eleven months or a year. I've figured it out at that."

"Oh!" Martha gasped again. "Fancy anyone taking a year to buy a dinner set."

Alma laughed as she carried her wraps into the hall. "Better to buy it in a year than not to buy it at all," she called back.

It was almost seven when Bruce came in and dinner was partly over. Alma brought his plate from the oven and set it down before him. But Bruce had no appetite. Martha looked at him curiously.

"Well?" she asked.

"Say, don't the world beat all sometimes?" said Bruce.

"Why, what has happened now?" Alma asked.

"ENOUGH," said Bruce. "Enough, you bet. Say I'm kinda sick, I am. It was down on Main Street and this is some night, believe me. You can't see any farther than the nose on your face and the wind, say, it's awful. Well it was down on Main Street. I saw the whole thing and you bet I wish I hadn't. Dr. Clark was coming along in that new car of his, slick as you please, and he turned at the corner of High Street, made one swooping curve, and then there was a cry. It sounded like murder. Honest, I can't stop hearing it. It was so awful. I saw the whole business—a man coming along on his wheel, knocked right off, caught under the car wheels and dragged along the pavement—"

"Oh!" said Martha.

"Don't say any more," Alma pleaded.

"Who was the person?" Henry asked.

"Gus McLean's Dad, and Gus is an awfully decent fellow, too. Doctor Clark couldn't seem to get that car stopped. It skidded right along the wet pavement and went smack into the curb. It was some smash—falling glass and everything! About two seconds and the deed was done. They got McLean out and his head was bleeding awful!" Bruce put his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands. "Say, it just makes me sick to remember it."

"Was he alive?" Henry asked.

Bruce nodded. "He wasn't dead but he was pretty near it, I bet you. Honest, ain't the world a queer place? There was a man riding home on his wheel to his supper and, first thing you know, he's struck down on the street, right under an auto. Quick like that," he snapped his fingers. "No warning, no chance, no anything. And to-morrow, we'll read in the papers about the accident."

"It's a tragedy," said his mother.

"Yes, a tragedy!" Alma agreed. "Hundreds will read about it and then forget."

"It's kinda fierce having to remember," Bruce said. "This is some queer world to live in, you bet."

HENRY pushed his chair back from the table. "McLean works in the shop," he said, "I had better look into the matter. Perhaps there is something I can do."

"They went to the hospital," Bruce called after him. "Dr. Clark called a taxi."

"I won't be long, Martha," Henry promised. "I won't be long."

Suddenly, he seemed more dear to her than ever—more dear. Suppose he had been knocked down like that, without warning. Suppose he should some time be suddenly taken from her. Suppose—Oh, no one could ever tell!—suppose this time, he should not return.

"Henry," she called softly.

He turned quickly and came back to her.

"Why, Martha," he asked in alarm, "Why, Martha, what is it?"

She looked up at him and her lips quivered.

"Suppose, suppose it had been you, Henry."

His arm went around her, "Thank God, it wasn't," he whispered.

Martha went back to the dining room. Bruce was still at the table but he was not eating. He sat there, his head resting upon his hands. Alma was clearing away the dishes.

"WANT to finish your dinner, Mamma?" she asked.

"No." Martha sat down beside Bruce. Alma disappeared into the kitchen. "Bruce, what is it?" said Martha. "Bruce, something more than the accident—"

Bruce nodded.

"Tell me, Bruce. Tell me, my boy."

Silence on the part of Bruce.

"Tell me, Bruce. Go on, I'm listening."

"Well," his voice seemed far away, "It's awful, Mom, outside to-night. The Cliff Road—you know I told Buster to do it. You know, I—"

"Oh, Mamma!" It was a frightened cry from Alma in the doorway. "Oh, Mamma!" Martha looked at the terror on the young face and her heart ached.

"Come, come," she tried to be firm. "Its nonsense, we're upset, Bruce, you are upset. Buster's all right! Buster will be here this evening! You've lost your nerve, Bruce. If you can't eat, go into the living room and get settled. This talk is all nonsense!" She looked at the clock on the buffet. "Why Buster will be here any minute now."

Bruce went into the living room and Alma helped Martha with the dishes.

"Suppose something should happen," Alma said.

"Nonsense," said Martha, washing the plates vigorously.

"But it would happen, something could happen That Cliff Road! Oh, why did Bruce ever suggest it! They didn't leave until four and it gets dark so early now, Mamma. And the mist! It could happen. Something could happen."

Martha spoke slowly, "I guess God knows all about us, Alma."

Later Alma went upstairs and Martha went into the living room. Bruce was hunched up in Henry's chair, a forlorn, discouragé figure.

"I told him to go, Mom!" he said. "Say, this is awful. I told him to go and that Cliff Road is terrible. If I'd said Terrace Hill or the like, it wouldn't have been so fierce. But I figure it out like this, Mom, if a car could skid on a perfectly straight pavement, what wouldn't it do along that steep Cliff Road where the mud is so slippery a fellow can hardly walk. What chance has a car got out there on the Cliff Road—one little skid and it would all be over. Oh, say, this is awful!"

"For pity's sake, Bruce," Martha scolded, (*Continued on Page 71.*)

THE ALIEN

By Maria Moravsky

I'M like a mute, I cannot speak,
I understand so little;—
I feel so helpless and so weak
Among these strange people!
They chat, they laugh and pass by,
They look so self-reliant and gay!
But I know not their earth and sky,—
Its strangeness makes me cry!
Be patient with my strained brain,
Don't laugh so loud, don't speak so quick!
Your words fall like a cold rain
On my bewildered brain.

It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be—

A BETTER AMERICA

Some true tales of folks and

LOOKING OVER THIS BROAD LAND

NOT long ago we offered prizes for stories of Better America. This month we are printing the three prize winners. One is the story of what a club of women did for their town; the second is about a little girl with an inspiring smile; and the third tells of a big company's Americanization school. Each in its particular field is the story of the making of a Better America

WE are apt to think that heroes are people set apart, branded, as it were, with an emergency resourcefulness and a courage that are denied us ordinary people, who tread a path somewhat worn of thrills. But heroism isn't something cut and dried and pigeonholed. It crops up in unexpected places, it flares in dim eyes, it bursts forth from the humdrum, and exalts the commonplace. Every month, every week, every day, there are men and women, and children, too, who calmly and unaffectedly are doing heroic things, deeds that barely creep into a corner of the paper, and are often unsung. Every town, and every countryside, in this great land of ours, has its hero.

THERE'S the little ten-year-old Thelma of Chicago, whose dying mother had charged her to look after her younger brothers and baby sisters. Thelma promised and she kept her word. For two years she kept house for them, mending their clothes, and seeing them off to kindergarten. And when the gasoline tank of the kitchen stove caught fire, Thelma did not forget her pledge. She saved the children, but in so doing she lost her own life.

ON Lake Pontchartrain, down in Louisiana, two schooners were being dashed to pieces in a March storm. But the waves did not terrify the two Pons brothers who lived nearby. Bravely, they ventured out in a small boat and, at the risk of their own lives, brought the crews safely to land.

NOT long ago, out in Oregon, a small boy was walking home from town. Crossing the railroad, he noticed a huge boulder that had fallen upon the track from the cliff above. He was only thirteen, but he flagged the westbound express, and thus prevented many deaths.

AND the little country teacher in Illinois, who has started many boys on the road to fame and fortune from her little shanty schoolhouse. "There's no use discussing the salary question," she said. "Cooks get twice as much as I do but, with some of us, teaching stops being a vocation and becomes a disease."

THEN there is the hotel clerk of Mason, Iowa, who lost his life in a fire, because he stuck to his job and aroused the guests of the hotel. The fire had put the telephones out of commission, so he had to run from room to room. He did it, and everyone escaped but himself.

NORTH DAKOTA boasts a girl-hero. In the terrible March blizzard, many children were caught walking or driving home from school, and were lost. Eighteen-year-old Hazel Miner saved the lives of her young brother and sister. When she saw that their old horse could go no further in the driving snow, and the piling drifts, she settled down to wait for help. Carefully and methodically, she wrapped the youngsters in the carriage blankets and added—her own coat. When rescue came, they were still alive—she was frozen to death!

VERY close indeed to the commonplace, hidden away in everyday life, lurks the heroic. The rural mail carrier who tramps his twenty-six miles because it is the only way to get his mail through; the public health nurse who cranks her Ford in all winds and weathers, even shovelling it out of snowdrifts; the little Michigan girl, who so wants an education that she walks ten miles to school; and all the men and women and children who have stuck to their jobs and who have thrown aside self—of such loyalty and devotion is heroism made!

If you love your country you'll want to help it

IN THE MAKING

things that show a people's heart

HOW EIGHTEEN WOMEN HELPED A TOWN

By E. E. Sherman
(*Winner of First Prise*)

MUCH has been said and written about Keosauqua, Van Buren County, Iowa, and the men who have climbed to the top of the ladder of fame on the rounds of knowledge acquired in that little quiet corner of the earth.

You must know that Keosauqua has its women as well as its men. The story of the Improvement Association of Keosauqua and how it grew proves that the women in that town do things. A few women began it eleven years ago, by talking of the need of a room, where tired women with their children might rest, when they had finished their shopping and trading, and not be compelled to stand about on street corners and beside store counters waiting for their husbands to finish talking politics and take them home.

This talk soon evolved itself into a meeting. Eighteen women of Keosauqua were present and, under their impetus, the meeting became a Civic Organization, with a constitution, annual dues and standing committees as follows: Streets and Alleys; Main Street and Railroad Station; Public Health; Municipal Business; Membership and Entertainment. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Mary Wolford, a retired farmer's wife; Mrs. Josie B. Sherman, a physician's wife; Miss Margaret Scott, a capable worker; Mrs. Ray McCrary, the Mayor's wife; Mrs. Josie Cocherell, a teamster's wife; Mrs. Caroline Perkins, a minister's wife, and Mrs. Bess Manning, a banker's wife.

Immediately, the standing committees set to work. They found that the streets needed weeds cut, the alleys presenting a frightful appearance to discriminating and close observing women. Main Street needed bonfires to get rid of the sweepings and papers. The depot, with its adjoining health-menacing stock yards, was scrutinized by the committee's field glass. The loafing corners and public places, where something or somebody gathered, presented great puddles of tobacco juice that was offensive to the eye, nose and general cleanliness. Some "hosey" woman had actually noticed that teamsters from the country had no places available for watering thirsty and tired horses and even the dog, with his tongue lolling out, was an object of pity to these busy, thoughtful women. Hence plans and aggressive movements sprang up.

The committee on Streets and Alleys visited the street commissioner and got his co-operation. A notice of a general city house-cleaning was announced through the city papers in ample time with the declaration that the Improvement Society would pay for hauling, if every householder would get his "junk" ready to be moved by a certain date. The idea of cleanliness became epidemic and yards were raked, weeds cut; cans and garbage and brush went outside the city limits, load after load, until the little city of Keosauqua never presented a cleaner appearance.

The Municipal and Sanitary Committee visited the city council in session, and made an appeal to the Mayor regarding things for the removal of which it was necessary to have an order from him. A committee of women were never treated more courteously and graciously than these who pleaded for a cleaner, purer and better city. As a result of this conference, ordinances were passed by the city council prohibiting many offensive practices, and placards were posted.

Next, we cast about to find a way to increase our bank account, for money was a necessary adjunct. Women can cook, so a market of home-made good things was thought to be the surest way to a man's pocket-book. Successful? Yes, enough to insure the two cement watering troughs that are now so much appreciated. The wonder is how we ever did without them!

The scenery near Keosauqua on the Des Moines River is most picturesque when it is not obscured with sign-boards and weeping willows. Weeping willows are appropriate in some places and sign-boards have their mission, but our women thought both were out of place when they obscured a pleasing view and covered up one of the beauties of our town. So we obtained permission to clean the river banks inside the corporation. The willows were cut, the banks no more became a dumping place, and unobstructed the river reflected the bright sunlight and the moving clouds.

The rest room question was agitated next. An association of one hundred and fifteen women, representing almost that many homes, is a powerful lever in bringing things to pass. So, thanks to our Entertainment Committee, which had been working hard getting up plays and other entertainments to raise a

Keosauqua's Community House, and Mrs. Mary Wolford, president of the Improvement Association for 11 years

benefit fund, and thanks to the cordial response of our business men, we were able to buy, at a reasonable, figure a cottage of four rooms, comparatively new and located at the outer edge of the city. Also, we bought a lot on Main Street, and moved the house there, remodelling its interior somewhat, adding a cement porch, and papering it with our own hands.

Then came the matter of furnishings. An empty house was no good to anyone. So the women undertook a furniture shower to be held to furnish the Improvement Association Building. And it was furnished in a day, from tea towels, tins and dishes, to couches, rockers, settees, mirrors, a clock and everything else pertaining to a well-ordered house.

The building had, at the beginning, four rooms and a basement—a kitchen, a large front living room, an alcove or library room, and a wrap room, but it has been greatly enlarged since those days. It is the center for all kinds of meetings, markets, church affairs, entertainments, suppers, private parties. The women realize a rental for all these gatherings, which is used to complete payments on the house and to improve it. It is lighted with electricity and has a telephone, both being donations from our public-spirited citizens.

Visitors came and praised its comfortableness, inscribing their names on the register, and nearly always leaving their contributions in a little tin box fastened to the wall. For money is very necessary in order to accomplish the vast amount of good that comes through this enterprise.

In April, 1911, we decided to add a new department to our Organization. It was called the Study Department, and the work follows the study program for women's clubs given by the Ames College Extension Department. Books for reference for the year's study were borrowed from the free traveling library furnished by the State Historical department. It proved a most profitable year's study. The year's work was closed by a domestic science course of six days' duration with Miss Eda Murphey of Ames as demonstrator and instructor. There were fifty-four subscribers to the course and tickets were made transferable.

Along with socials and entertainments and courses, the idea of filling our alcove with books—to make it indeed a library—buzzed incessantly in our women's bonnets. Hence a book shower was held and our hopes were more than fulfilled, for eighty books were showered in a day. We had no bookcase, no shelves even, so they were marked and filed, numbered, etc., and piled up in temporary places. Later, a library of 1,200 volumes was given to us by a former resident of the county.

Chautauquas are promoted, community sings are held, and also a series of entertainments and lyceum courses, all of which add receipts as well as furnishing an educational uplift.

Starting with nothing eleven years ago, the organization now has a plant worth $4,500, including a community auditorium 30 x 80 feet, capable of seating 250 people, a kitchen and dining room adequately furnished for parties and dinners, and the only public library in the county. This house forms a nucleus for the social activities of the town. It is a center from which radiates a community spirit which means much to our town.

SMILING ROSE

By Elizabeth Guilfoile

(*Winner of Second Prize*)

SHE had a most unpronounceable surname but to the class she was never anything else but "Smiling Rose." It was November and the air was chill. The little folks had come bundled up in woolly sweaters and gay caps. But when Rose walked into the room in her bleached calico dress and a worn coat too small for even her wizened frame—when she walked in and smiled at us, the temperature went up ten degrees.

Twelve years old, three years retarded by illness, scarcely as large as a child of seven should be, undernourished, anaemic, her left arm hung helpless at her side since her birth. But she radiated a certain joy in living that those well-fed, carefully nourished children seemed incapable of.

We soon found out all about her. There were eleven in the family—five on each side of her, she gayly informed us. They had been seven years out of Russia. Neither father nor mother spoke English. They had been taken bodily out of the tenement district and were being systematically provided for by the Charities. Poor little Rose was apparently hopelessly incapacitated physically, but she was head and heart and brain for the family whom she was making into one hundred per cent Americans.

"What Did You Do This Morning?" That was the topic in language.

"I cooked the coffee for my father. I dressed Simon and Leah for school and kindergarten." Rose labored conscientiously over sentences. "I taught my mother how to say 'I want two bottles of milk' to the milkman. Then I found Sarnie's glasses. After that, I washed the baby. In America, babies must be washed!"

SMALL need of teaching love and service or patriotism to that class when, with a few words of encouragement from the teacher, Rose would tell a simple incident from her daily life, little dreaming of the lessons she was implanting in the hearts of her young associates, thinking only of the joy of being allowed to talk English. She would conclude her speech with the most glorious smile, as if to say by way of postscript, "Isn't it a great life?"

Another day, we talked about what we were going to be when we grew up. "I am going to be a librarian," volunteered Rose radiantly, "and tell stories to poor children."

Christmas came. Happy and mysterious preparations were going on. The children were bringing in their old toys for the stricken babies of Europe. I marveled at the charity of their little hearts when I saw the beautiful dolls and splendid books which they gave up with a farewell hug.

ONE day, Rose came in with a tiny, draggled-looking parcel and her usual shining face. "Teacher," she exclaimed, "I have two dolls I've had since I was in this country. I saved up two nickels and bought them! But I don't need both of them. So I brought one."

She didn't *need* both of them! But, oh! how humanity needs courage and devotion like that. May God be good to the Smiling Roses of the world for the sake of the rest of us!

George B. Fout teaching songs and citizenship

Original from

OLD SONGS AND NEW AMERICANS

By Roy L. Andrews

(Winner of Third Prize)

WHEN I was asked to teach at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company's Americanization Night School I became curious to know just what the school really was.

I went, and in what had once been a store, now repainted and redecorated, on the main street of East Youngstown, scene of former riots, strikes and brawls, I found the school. Surveying the scene from the doorway, I saw nine or ten square wooden tables with folding chairs about them while at one side was a piano. Before this stood Geo. B. Fout, the school superintendent. Just before I was introduced to him, he struck a chord or two and spoke, "Now, men, we're going to sing." And "we're" was the proper word, for I heard him and everyone sing. As I approached one of the tables, I could hear different pronunciations of the words of the chorus of that glorious old song "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We sang almost an hour—good American songs!—and then he cried, "All right, men, to your work now!" and away he went to some other school.

The class to which he assigned me consisted of nine men. One of my left was a neat, good-looking member of the Slavic race who spoke English quite well. He was doing arithmetic, in percentage, and I did one example for him and then set him to work while I turned to a Bulgarian at my right who was pushing a sample time card of some sort toward me and exclaiming, "Show me how me get better job." No doubt some education was needed to get the cards straight and he saw promotion in sight for one who could fill the bill. Besides these, my class was composed of a Greek, a Macedonian, a Roumanian, two Italians, a Serb, a Hungarian and a dusky Hindu. I started them at reading, and each one pushed his forefinger along the line in their books while one after another read aloud, "This is a fire engine. The man on the seat is the driver. The fire engine is drawn by two horses," etc. Some of them were dirty, just come from the mill, others smelled of garlic, while here and there we found some who had caught the spirit and "spruced up" a bit to please teacher.

MANY and many a thing I learned during my teaching that winter but worth most of all I count the patriotic association with Geo. B. Fout, a man who is melting old gold and making American citizens of it. He was apt to be absent when the door opened, for he might turn up before we closed and then we were sure to have a great sing. Afterward we would point out the text of the songs with the men explaining the meaning of each word.

Finally, America entered the war! Some agitator told the students that Fout and his teachers were just teaching them enough so they could be inducted into the United States Army. Only for one night did the attendance fall off. The superintendent immediately went out into the highways and by-ways and made such stirring, true and living speeches that he gave the budding antagonism its death-blow, and we went right on singing.

Several of the students learned to tell the teachers all about the places where they worked. They pointed to the colored pictures recently framed that made a frieze about the room and represented various sections of the mills, using such technical terms that I confess I was at a loss to understand them myself. And then, we had them write short compositions about their work and what they did during the day. Crude they were in writing, but the grammar I fear was better than that used by some real Americans. They caught the two great points—short sentences and small words.

And still Mr. Fout goes on with the melting pot! I couldn't even guess at the number of nationalities represented. To this day lingers in my memory the speech he made at the East Youngstown draftees left for camp, and I am sure it still lives in the town. The melting pot is boiling, boiling, boiling its contents as they come. It is a crucible of pure Americanism, and it sings those old tunes, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Old Black Joe," "My Country 'tis of Thee," and many another that stirs our hearts and endears our country to us forever.

A CHILD EDITRESS

By Margaret Sanborn

WHEN Lady Percival had received the message from Lady Chester about Marguerite's engagement she became very angry and was in a terrible fury! But luckily dinner soon came on and that consoled her, for she was a great eater and weighed 340 pounds.

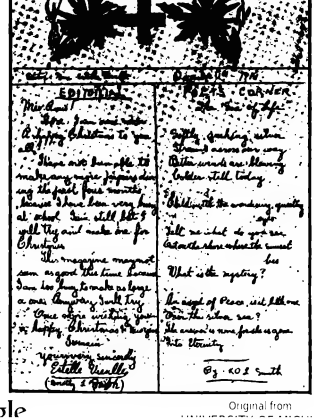
No, this is not a quotation from Daisy Ashford. It is from a story written by an eleven-year-old girl. She lives in St. Croix, one of the Virgin Islands, which belong to the United States, having been purchased from Denmark a few years ago; and she edits, prints, illustrates and sells a little newspaper of her own, called "The Red Cross Paper." Dorothy Smith is her name, but, as editor and poetess she is Miss Estelle Vieulle, and, as the novelist who produced this romance of "Marguerite," and the thriller entitled "The Black Gang," she is D. Longfield Smith and Mlle. Emile Lincoln! All these changes of name and personality are sandwiched in between school and play, for Dorothy Smith knows how to snatch the fleeting minute.

At the left, you will find a reproduction of her paper. We only wish you could read it all. Here is another short extract from the thrilling romance. "Marguerite":

Lady Chester was upstairs decking the bride when Lady Percival entered the drawing-room and waved her hand majestically and said, "Where is that pampered girl, my niece?"

"Upstairs, ma'am!" said the maid.

"Stop! Shocking!" cried Lady Percival. "Ma'am! Say 'My Lady' or 'Madame'



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ment just like that of the United States. Miss Agnes Piel of Hewlett, Long Island, a member of the Senior class at Barnard, is the president; Miss Juliet Clark, of Northport, Long Island, is the vice-president; Miss Margaret Myers, of East Orange, New Jersey, is the treasurer; Miss Elizabeth MacArthur, also of East Orange, is the secretary; and Miss Lila North, of Montclair, New Jersey, is the dining room proctor. In addition to these officials there is a proctor at the head of each of the six apartments occupied by the girls.

and make a curtsy, so." But Lady Percival instead of making a curtsy flopped down flat on the floor, which shook the whole house and brought the bride and Lady Chester running downstairs, the former in all her beauty and the latter trying to suppress a smile.

"Come and 'elp me up," said Lady Percival. "Why, I might 'ave broken me spine."

The maid had quitted the room long before Lady Percival had time to address her.

"Well, she's gone, rude rascal!" was all she could say. "Now, my dear Lady Chester, and how are you, may I ask?"

Here is one of the young editor's announcements of more fiction:

LOOK OUT!

In the next publication there is to be a continued story, "The Black Gang"!!! It is an exciting drama of adventures and escape.

Eagerly turning to the issue containing the first instalment of "The Black Gang," one finds the thriller opening as follows:

CHAPTER ONE

The Theft

It was quite late one night. John Gilbert and his daughter were just going to sleep when he heard a slight movement at the window. Looking in that direction, he observed the figure of a man enter the room by the window. Coward as he was, he left off breathing and huddled down in his bed.

But Dorothy Smith does not edit her paper just for the fun of it. She employs her talent for the poor and suffering. Read her editorial in the Issue for August, 1919:

All good wishes. I hope you will like this paper, for I am trying to make it as nice as I can. I have collected $4.00, thanks to my kind subscribers, and hope to collect more, for I have little or no thoughts of giving up this paper, for I am sure it is doing a little to help. Is ten cents too much to ask? No, comes the answer, because it is going to do good to the poor and suffering.

Dusters and carpet sweepers, as well as chafing dishes and mandolins, are part of life at the Barnard Co-operative Dormitories

BEATING THE H. C. L.

By Don Ryan

FORTY-FIVE Barnard College girls are prepared to refute the time-worn theory, undoubtedly originating in some masculine mind, that women cannot get along together when thrown entirely on their own resources and their own society. These college girls are living in an apartment house at 116 West 116th Street, with a community government of their own, and they are not only broadening their minds by unselfish services to each other, they are beating the high cost of living as well.

While their own instructors are having a hard struggle to keep up appearances on the small salaries they draw, these girls are living for $0.40 apiece, each week; living in a regular elevator apartment with a brass-buttoned official presiding over the foyer, and they are eating with perfect regularity three good meals a day. How do they do it? Co-operation — community service — each girl doing her small bit—about half an hour's work a day.

No, it is not a soviet; exactly the opposite. It is a republican government just like that of the United States. Miss Agnes Piel of Hewlett, Long Island, a member of the Senior class at Barnard, is the president; Miss Juliet Clark, of Northport, Long Island, is the vice-president; Miss Margaret Myers, of East Orange, New Jersey, is the treasurer; Miss Elizabeth MacArthur, also of East Orange, is the secretary; and Miss Lila North, of Montclair, New Jersey, is the dining room proctor. In addition to these officials there is a proctor at the head of each of the six apartments occupied by the girls.

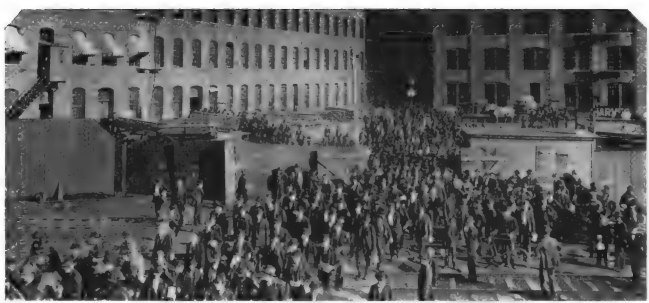
The girls who occupy the co-operative dormitory allot the tasks of housekeeping among themselves so that very little is required from each and their studies are in no way interrupted. There are between twenty and thirty rooms in the six apartments, each room occupied by two girls. The girls take care of their own rooms and, in addition, they look after the two parlors and two dining rooms which constitute the community center of their little republic. They also take turns waiting on table, each girl having to serve at this task about a week out of the school year.

All the cooking and kitchen work is done by a domestic staff of three, which the community pays from the assessments of $0.40 to each girl.

The rooms which the girls occupy are not luxurious, but uniformly comfortable and tastefully furnished. The two connecting parlors or living rooms, with their cretonne curtains and color scheme of blue and yellow, are homelike and attractive. In one living room is a piano, serving, on evenings, as the center of gayety in which singing and dancing have a large share. The two connecting dining rooms are furnished in dark oak. Wicker furniture is used in the living rooms. (*Cont. on Page 77*)

SELF-SATISFACTION AND THE JOB

By Whiting Williams



WHITING WILLIAMS has looked over the notebook he kept during the seven months he worked as a laborer, and from the incidents jotted down in it, he gives here some very penetrating and wise conclusions about human nature and a man's job. Mr. Williams has been through the thing of which he writes, and he knows. The picture he draws contains truths which will help us all to understand better this country we live in

"I WAS all packed and ready to start to an important national assembly of our denomination," a man who had been a minister in many coal towns was relating one evening. "Suddenly a telegram brought word of a great mine disaster and the entombing of many men, including one of my best friends. I was greatly shocked and immediately sat down and wrote the funeral sermon, awaiting further word as to the exact hour of the services. That was more than two years ago. They have been working to open that mine and recover the bodies of the men ever since. This morning, I got back from preaching that sermon: my friend's body has only just been found."

That typifies, as I see it, the difficulty of the problem which the church has to face in its work of serving men and women whose first duty and necessity is to earn their living—to earn their living before they can live their lives.

"I see," said the blind man. "It's plain enough now!" The words represented as much intelligence as my fatigue could muster on those dark, snowy mornings when I walked out of the big steel mill after the great bass whistle put an end to the twelve night hours of sweat and soot with shovel and sledge, and let me wearily climb the hill past the church, the library and the school. Better than all the books in the world, those long nights of hard labor told me why the church and all the other religious, social, educational and civic influences in American life to-day find it so difficult to make a vital contact with the unskilled wage workers —to touch them where they live. A few nights with a shovel had made plain what had puzzled me during the four years I had spent directing the Cleveland Federation of Social Agencies.

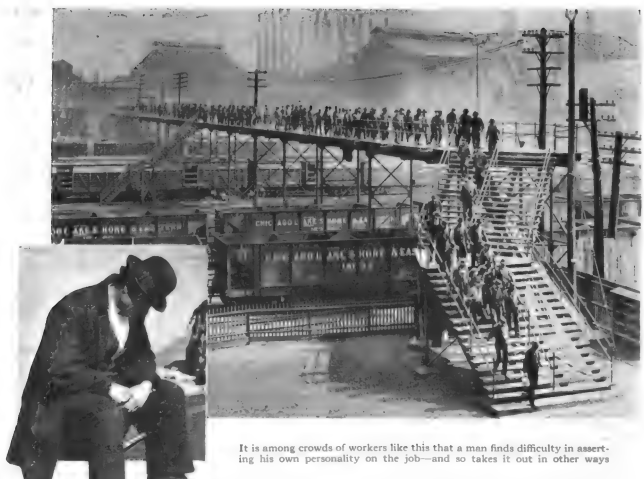
The explanation is in the fact that the wage workers, like all the rest of us, live and move and have their being on the job—but with these two additional and outstanding factors: First, that when they are on their job it is considerably harder for the church, the school and the library to go and touch them than to touch those who have jobs requiring more brain and less brawn; and second, that when they are off the job, they are less susceptible to those influences because—well, because they have less to be susceptible with; their job has required a larger percentage of their total equipment and so has taken that much more out of them.

Down there in the mill "on turn," there was little time for talk about anything but jobs—good jobs and bad jobs, "swell" jobs and nasty jobs—jobs and such joys as came to mind by contact with those jobs, most of them better left unmentioned in society. And, up on the hill, with the day's or the night's work done in its ten or twelve or fourteen hours; well, a fellow seemed somehow to feel himself too full of muscles, weary muscles, to give thought to anything except sleep and rest before the whistle should boom again for the next turn.

If you're going to earn your living with little besides your muscles, you have to take *into* the job about all you've got, and then you take into the church or the library only what you can take *out* of your job.

Unless, of course, you haven't a job and can't find one even though you try hard.

"Ah doan' call it livin'. Ah'm just existin'," said a young black boy from the South in the employment office where we crowded in from all over the district in the hope of finding work



It is among crowds of workers like this that a man finds difficulty in asserting his own personality on the job—and so takes it out in other ways

when all the war contracts had been cancelled and the peace orders waited for a possible lowering of prices, back there in January, 1919. "Just existin', with one 'o mah feet down toh'ds de cold clay, an' me like to slip if Ah doan' mind mah step close-like. Ah sure is gotta get a job soon."

To such a man, an open saloon looks, or used to look, amazingly more attractive for the burden he carries than a locked church. Besides its warmth, there was a chance that somebody might be able to give a "steer" to that badly needed job.

With those more fortunate, the trouble is that the job in some fields is a little too continuous to permit much contact with the church, or anything else.

"Sunday? Why, a man's gotta get a lay-off for Sundays and holidays just like any other day—and you'd better not get too all-fired many of 'em either," said the youth in the railway roundhouse as we tightened up the bolts which secured the cylinder-head on one of the monster locomotives.

Needless to say, the millwright in the steel plant who had had only two turns off in two years had not been often to church. As mentioned last month, for him and the other millwrights every second Sunday meant the double turn or twenty-four hours; for the labor gang, eighteen. And for them all, also, too many lay-offs were likely to have the same unpleasant results that were in the mind of the roundhouse lad, especially while such applicants as the colored boy were waiting anxiously at the big gate to be "taken on." When the whistle blows for laying down the wrench or the shovel at seven o'clock of the second Sunday morning, it seems somehow to muffle the bells of the corner church. For it blows the close of a long night's work and the end of a hardly perfect week of something like a hundred hours of work. And at seven o'clock on the following morning, too, it will blow its summons again. Yes, I'll testify as will many of my buddies, those Sunday afternoons are wonderful—for the few short hours they last!

For many workers, of course, the working hours are lengthened by the minutes required to get from home to the plant and back. In the cities, an average of sixty each way is hardly too much. To save this by living close to the plant may mean the saving of car-fare or of father's legs but at the cost of mother's arms in the drops of "elbow grease" required to fight the daily droppings of the tall chimneys of the great furnaces.

"Everybody has to work hard here—even the women. They never get through at all, tryin' to keep things clean," testified the landlady, with her dark-set eyes giving witness to the truth of her words.

Apparently, those feminine arms are pretty generally willing to pay the price. At any rate, the houses nearest the big mills always seem crowded, every room of them and out almost onto the street, with the least well-to-do of the foreign and colored workers, their wives and especially their children. In the small front room, the passerby is too often able to discover the stove, the dinner table, the crib, the chromo and the bed that go together to spell extreme congestion.

The surprising thing is how generally the good housewife manages under the circumstances to keep the inevitable lace curtains in the windows so everlastingly white and spotless! The reason is that these are the household's banners nailed boldly to the mast-head, flying bravely in the faces of all the neighbors the message of the family's determined and undying self respect. But, even with the help of the ever-present phonograph, they can hardly suffice to make the crowded single room successfully attractive in competition with the club or the near-saloon, or the place, a block away, where the panel bearing the sign "Soft Drinks Here" is quietly pushed aside as the worker passes, to disclose the beckoning fingers of the painted woman.

"Will everybody please stand who wishes to vote to uphold the Christian Sabbath as one of the fundamentals of our civilization and to oppose the pagan hands which would permit the sacrilege of Sunday movies and concerts?" requested the pastor in a town where the men worked six instead of seven turns a week.

It was unpleasant to be the only person in the audience who didn't

stand. If I had stood up, it would have been hard to get again without telling of all the gambling games going on that very day of Spring, all over the State, in crowded boarding-houses or secluded fields—games which would go on into the night to the accompaniment of much boot-legged liquor, because next Sunday the players would perhaps be at work and this Sunday there was no roomy place to stay, no other place to go and nothing else to do.

"Such a place as them men left!" exclaimed the neat and energetic landlady who had succeeded to the management of the boarding-house. "I never seen such a stock 'o beer-kegs and whiskey bottles and filth! Mostly from their Sundays, it was too!"

Any institution, which is going to touch workers where they live, need only give one look at Sunday through the glasses of the job to see that for the fourteen-turn fortnight worker there "ain't no sech animal" as a normal Sunday, and that for the lucky possessor of the six short turn week a Sunday without movies, especially a rainy Sunday, is a desert of dulness even after full duty has been done by the church.

There are many other things besides weary bodies which muscle-workers must take with them into the church or the library when they enter—if they enter—because they must of necessity take them out of their jobs.

"This job beats bein' off on them boats, anyhow, when you gets back from a long trip!"—is the way black-skinned but wholesome-hearted George put it to me one day when I asked him about getting a job in the same plant with him. "When you gets back from bein' away on the water a long time, it seem like you just gotta spend all you made—tain't possible to hold back, nohow. It just seems like you gotta even up somehow."

"No, never go back, never no more!" the Swedish sailor repeated sadly, when we became friendly after a chance meeting. "My mother, yes, to her I could talk—she understand. My brothers and sisters? No, not even if I have fine suit of clothes. Not since I run away from home twelf' years ago do I ever speak one word with good woman. I don't know—something in here (*pointing to his heart*)—something in here—gone!"

MOST Americans, I fear, do not yet realize how our War Department did more than ever before in the history of armies to ensound our boys in their camps with those contacts of normal life which to a great degree off-set the unwholesome tendencies of the Navy and Army job.

I may be wrong, but I came to the conviction that the boys, who earned their daily bread by getting sufficient speed and action out of their ill-tempered and dangerous mules to satisfy the most ambitious of the coal miners whose earnings for the day depended upon them, could not be expected to maintain their moral fibre in proper condition. "I've learned," said the boss of the mule drivers, very seriously, "that if a stubborn mule fights back, you can beat him into submission, that is, if your arms don't give out on you. But, if he won't fight back, and just takes his punishment, he's got you licked before you start."

"That boss is a wonder," testified one of his subordinates. "I take off my hat to him. He can do things with a mule in a minute that nobody else could do in a year."

In spite of its possibilities in skill as thus set forth, the gradual elimination of that job by the extension of electric haulage is, I am sure, a program of "safety first" for souls as well as bodies.

IN most fields of work, a certain view of life and people grows daily more solid along with the daily job, and often there is no possibility of changing it by the introduction of machinery.

"Polite!" exclaims Elizabeth at the information desk. "I'll tell the world people ain't polite to us girls! We never get any thanks—and all the fool things they ask us—and get sore if we don't know! Th' other day a woman comes in and asks how can she send a friend to Florida. I says she can go to Washington and take the Air Line—an' she looked as though she wanted to murder me. I wondered what to Goodness I'd done. 'Why,' she says, 'she's my mother! I want her to go by passenger train not by airship!' And then she went away mad at me as though I had fallen down on my job!"

"To-morrow, I quit here," said Jennie after she had told of her nine-hour day and set down the ice cream in front of you. And her complaint was not with her customers, but that she cannot benefit from their kindly human nature as much as she would like. "Well,

Boys, like these, who drive mules in the coal mines, find it difficult to know anything in life except their job

Above, coal miners coming from work. Below, the way in which some men get a little recreation on Sundays. For fourteen-hour workers, there "ain't no sech animal" as a normal Sunday

you see the regular pay is seven dollars a week. It's the tips that make it a job. When I have my same tables regular I can build up a little trade by givin' extra good service, so they'll always come to me. That means better tips by a dollar or two a turn—easy. And now they won't let me have my regular tables any more. So I'm leaving."

"Yes, I got a cough and when I go home tired I sometimes lie awake two or three hours before I can get to sleep. Oh, I'll let it go till it gets worse—I always do. But, at that, I ain't as bad off as Fan over there. She has to work nine hours and then sit up most of the night lookin' after her sick mother—gastritis it is or somethin' —and she has dreadful pains. Sometimes her brother can do it but he has to keep from losin' too much time offa his job, too."

The job, with sickness or accident added to it!—well, a long book could be written on the tragedies constantly being caused by piling the load of family sickness on shoulders already well burdened. And they go together to make up *the-earning-of-the-living* as the platform for the living of the life of self-improvement and edification.

"Two years ago, I was getting on fine and had the house almost paid for when the wife got sick. It's only just now that I am gettin' back onto my feet again and can begin to see daylight ahead," was the brave word of more than one friend as we felt for each other's life stories in the pauses between work.

"Ten-twelf dollar week State law pay, yes, good—better as not'ing," said the Slovenian worker, leaning on his crutches, unshaved, lean and sad-eyed after his accident, "but still very hard for family man!"

What happens in the States where workmen's compensation is not yet established is hard to imagine. Of course, its presence does not altogether drive away the thought of accident, especially from the roughest, heaviest jobs.

One night, as we got ready to handle the big, hot billets as they came over from the blooming mill, I noticed big Lorenzo using his knife to cut off a finger from one of his canvas working gloves. When I protested, he replied, "What for not, Boodie? No good, see?" and he held up his hand to show that a finger was missing.

DURING the night, as we fixed the crane's chains around the heavy truck-loads or put the tongs on the billets, watchful to extricate our thumbs and fingers in time, my companion carried on the tale of all the accidents he had witnessed:

"Dese two fingers here dat cost heem. Anoidder fellow da whole billet it fall on heem—nine mont' in hospital 'fore he get well! Me? Me never get hurt—me know how—work t'irteen year and never no accident. Green man—lak you—he get hurt, unless he watch quick."

In the restaurant after Tom, the boss, had finished telling how he had his leg broken, a one-footed boy filled his plate and managed amazingly well to get it with his crutch to the table. On the way home, I passed the one-armed watchman at the crossing and the half-handed news-man at the corner, but only to see, after pushing through the crowd, a mass of thick red blood left on the pavement after a worker on his way home from the job had had a collision and been taken to the hospital. A moment later, on the car, I returned the friendly smile of an early rising baby on its father's shoulder—smiled till I glanced at its chubby hand and discovered to my horror that all its fingers had been cut off at the first knuckle!

"Until now, I ain't been sick a day o' me life!" said the landlord in the boarding-house of a mine town, convalescing from a serious operation. "Fer the last few years I been workin' me eight hours every day and double turn every second Sunday. Ye see, I got ter keep after them pumps or they'll be trouble and no work for the byes."

"A few years back in a mine where I wuz, the byes reported t'was beginnin' ter 'squeeze.' A hundred men goes in

with timbers to stop it—and they goes clear to the fur end instead o' startin' at the 'bottom,' y'understand, near the shaft. And the squeeze it keeps a-gettin' worse and finally it falls in and kills 'em all. My God, t'was awful in that town that week."

Such things go with the job of producing and serving. They count dreadfully towards the complication of life for those whose sole equipment and capital is their arms and legs, or the arms and legs of husbands and fathers. Because they are part of the job, the day-wage worker and his family naturally look out upon the rest of the world through them, just as the rest of us see the world through our jobs, and all that goes with them.

Especially if he is of foreign birth, the worker is pretty sure to be driven by these things into the multitude of lodges and benevolent societies which thus come closer to him than the churches or the other organizations, because their closeness springs out of the job.

All together, they make the daily life of the unskilled wage-worker with a family a matter of closer planning than most of us can readily imagine—certainly closer than I could imagine back in the days when our Federation hoped for gifts from every Cleveland family.

"No, Ah ain't takin' no cah to-day but Ah reckons Ah will to-morrow when we gets paid. Ah done run sho't this time cause mah kids done weah out two pai'hs 'o shoes befoh Ah'd expected 'em to—mah pay check runs around forty-seven dollars foh two weeks aftah takin' out five dollars foh a Liberty Bond."

AS Thomas and I walked out of the plant, the men of another department were folding their pay away, with the street lined by religious orders asking gifts and by men, women and children exhibiting their withered or missing arms or legs.

"It's somethin' fierce!" my friend Thomas added. "Every pay day, the whole town is here wantin' youah money! Even befoh you gets outa the shop they say, 'The boss's mother done die and we wants fifty cents from everybody.' Ah likes to give, but a fellow can't give many fifty cents to nobody outa his pile—leastways, not when he's got to buy shoes and everything else foh his family."

Strangely enough, the chances are that after years of such close figuring, Thomas' widow would feel that the only way she could show her appreciation of his fatherly loyalty to them all would be to spend practically every cent from the lodge or the insurance policy in giving him a funeral that held up the family pride to the limit of the neighborhood's requirements! Strange—and yet altogether human! For every one of us has inborn in us the desire to stand out somehow as a person different from others, if we are to justify our existence. The greatest means to that distinction is in our job. But ii our desire for the distinctive job has never been quite realized, even though trying for it has kept us too busy to achieve distinction outside of it—well, it is easy to understand how those we leave behind hate to have us appear at a disadvantage in one of the most public moments of our years above ground, if their bravery can prevent it.

Oftentimes, it is the job's insecurity against the disability of old age that makes the mother's problem a hard one. In the families where the equipment runs to brawn rather than brain, the death-rate is likely to be high among the children. If any of them are to be counted on to grow up into their working and earning prime in the years when father and mother need a friendly home, there had better be a plenty of sons and daughters.

"YES, these four boys are all we have left of the fifteen born to us," said my landlady as she leaned over the stove, looking positively young and pretty, with a special Sunday 'do' on her hair. "The other eleven we've lost one way or another!"

She wants the sympathy of nobody but her boys and that she has. But she deserved everybody's respect for keeping busily and cheerily going while the husband and father went through the first serious illness of his life.

But all this is the dark side of the picture. I show it only to urge a better understanding of those whose lives seem strange until we know their jobs. If there were space, I should like now to show the other side—to tell of all those who, on their jobs and through their jobs, make the fight which raises them into higher and higher levels of usefulness, to better standing among their neighbors, and to a sympathetic understanding of the life and the people about them. Listen to Rachel there in the ell—her childish voice seems somehow to carry the memory of weary young years, years of a hard but a successful fight.

"Of Russia, I remember nothing. We left there when I was eight. That's twelve years ago. Oh, but they were mean to us Jews—no schools, no nothing! Here?—Only a few months of night school, that's all. I had to work—in a private family, you know, scrubbing and cleaning up, mostly. But the dollar and a half I got helped me buy clothes; my father, he got only seven dollars week then. Later, I worked in factory. Then here in store. Here I learn the business and the boss he treat me fine because he know I learn all and can be trusted. And my father he saves always money until he could buy a business; only he afraid he lose it all. So now he clerks at twenty-five dollars a week. My brother, he has good job now, too, so we get on very well, and are happy."

THAT is the story of forward-moving America—the story of American opportunity, met on the job, and grasped on the job, when circumstances favor.

And there, it must be evident, is the contact point for all those influences of our modern American life which would touch the lives of America's millions for the upbuilding of a better America. There is the point for the application of sympathy, understanding, inspiration!

It is idle to scold men for not learning English in our classes until we know the years of their life—few of us could take on a new tongue after we were forty—or the hours of their job. Twelve hours or even ten of manual labor does not add zest to the evening school!

It is idle to expect ambition, wholesomeness and the wish and willingness to understand the white-collared folk, if their only representative happens to be a boss who daily capitalizes the worker's fear of losing his job or utilizes super-heated language in order to get the required muscle onto the shovel-handle.

"Some of our men are too old and too proud to enjoy turning up at a special class-room," said a superintendent who is seeing the need of meeting men on their job, "so we've rigged up a blackboard there near the coke ovens and in between times we talk over the mysteries of coke, spelling and such things. They're hungry for it."

A group of English socialists writing about the equipment of the workers speak always as though education was impossible except in leisure. As a matter of fact, the worker sees immensely more point in learning more about his job; his complaint of the rough-tongued under-foreman is not so much of his language as of his unwillingness to share more of the satisfactions and more of the skill and "know-how" that should go with the job to the doer of it.

In that better America which we all want, the churches, the schools and the other agencies of good citizenship will not wait to meet people *after* they have done their jobs. They will try to show how their messages can help on the job, how they can be better understood through this job to-day, and still better through that better job to-morrow.

Of all those who furnish jobs, whether to one person in the home, or ten thousand in the plant, these organizations will ask whether those jobs give to the worker the fullest possible opportunity both to be a good citizen after working hours and also in working hours, to grow in capacity, ability and self respect.

Of all those who perform jobs, they will ask whether their daily performance is such as to warrant their claim to the full and considerate respect of their employers and to the nobility of efficient, productive citizenship.

Of us all, whether furnishers or performers, whether wearing white collars or much-mended overalls, they will ask the withholding of our judgments of the other fellow, until we can better understand his life by better understanding the job which is its cornerstone.

Speaking different tongues; brought together from all the earth into close relations with each other in huge numbers and comparative suddenness; all of us perplexed (*Cont. on Page 72*)

I DISCOVER MY GOVERNMENT

By William Harper Dean

II

"We must educate or we must perish"

IN this second article of Mr. Dean's series, he treats of the problem which this country presents to our Bureau of Education in Washington. The way in which the devoted workers there visualize this country; the far reaching effect of their efforts; and the vision necessary to properly direct the work, will come as a revelation to most people. You will find practical information here which may help solve your educational problems.

IF OUR Government, through its Children's Bureau, vitally and practically concerns itself with the physical welfare of American mothers and their babies—as we know it does—to what end is this? The Bureau has awakened the nation to the vital necessity of giving every child a chance to develop its body to the end of becoming physically fit to assume the obligations of American citizenship; has awakened us to the national obligation of conserving the strength and health of mothers through the ordeal of childbirth and later through the trying periods of nurturing these little citizens through the critical periods of their dependency.

But after these things—what?

The developing of sound bodies is not primarily for the sake of producing a race of physical stalwarts: a strong body, nourished by rich, red blood is merely the prerequisite to the development of a normal, healthy brain. And brains are what count!

Tens of millions of Russian peasantry have reached maturity with magnificently developed physiques; they are among the world's finest specimens of physical excellence. But, in the past, their government has not concerned itself with the obligation to see that the brains controlling the bodies of these millions have been trained to perform other functions as well. The bodies have been allowed pure air and sunlight; the brains have been confined in poorly ventilated darkness. And now Russia is paying!

American citizenship is not automatically attained by the taking of the oath of allegiance to this Government and its institutions; it does not come to the native born merely with his attaining his majority and casting his vote. It comes only after the would-be citizen has acquired an unclouded vision of what America is and aspires to be. American citizenship is an achievement! In the highest interpretation of the term, it can be achieved only by those who are intellectually capable of thinking for themselves.

Elementary as this prelude may sound, nevertheless, it is absolutely essential that it be written and read if one wishes to gain a clear perspective of the obligations of our Government to the native born as well as to the immigrant. The entire structure of our government rests upon native and alien conceptions of the obligations of citizenship. Let these be ill conceived as a result of slighted training of the brain and the very foundations of this Government are in peril. Our government must and does jealously watch, direct and aid that American institution known as American education. Only by doing so can it hope to represent a truly Americanized America!

WHICH automatically throws the spotlight on our Federal Bureau of Education.

What is this Bureau? A tremendous university for the training of millions of minds?—a sort of close corporation with directors in Washington prescribing inflexible rules and regulations affecting our entire American system of education? Not at all! Always bear in mind the fundamental fact that the great majority of our Government institutions act in an advisory capacity, offering the services of trained minds, patriotically inspired. So the Bureau of Education after a fashion functions in the same general way which characterizes the activities of the Children's Bureau.

"The Bureau of Education," said Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, "is the principal educational agency of the United States Government. It is the one organization of the country whose outlook embraces the nation, and whose scope includes every degree of the business of education. It performs no considerable function of its own. It tenders information, and it gives specific advice, when advice is asked, but neither the Bureau as an entity, nor its officers as individuals need concern themselves with the execution of plans proposed for the improvement of any educational condition.

"The members of its staff are wholly free from local bias. They are in constant contact with the best educational practice throughout the country, and their understanding of educational movements comes not only from personal study but from frequent discussion with leaders in the several lines of education."

There you have it—just what the Bureau of Education is! Now, what can it do for you and me, for my child and yours, be we native Americans or foreign-born coming to these shores to get the benefit and contribute to the strengthening of what is known as America?

The Bureau cannot and does not attempt to function in accordance with any set of inelastic formulae. It must be capable of modifying its advisory policies to fit the demands of the moment, to rise to emergencies. And it does.

For example, during the war the Bureau saw increasing need of a greater projection and speeding up of the school-garden work which already had gained a splendid momentum under the impetus of private and Governmental effort. So in 1918, the Bureau organized the United States School Garden Army. It already had been promoting school-directed home gardening for four years. This new army

At right, a glimpse of the constant stream of immigrants which pours over the gang plank from steamer after steamer at Ellis Island. Below, a typical crowd of these new immigrants. Every country in Europe is represented. Week after week this tide of ancient prejudices, new hopes and age-old visions pours into America

At bottom, a scene in one of the many night schools in America where an effort is being made, both to satiafy the immigrant's craving for knowledge and to give him a clear picture of the democratic ideals of this country to which he has come. The desire for knowledge recognizes neither age nor sex

was organized to promote greater thrift, produce more food, and drive home to the children the truth that in such service lay a tremendous expression of practical patriotism. The army was recruited from the heart of New York City to the hidden cove school in the heart of the Rockies.

One million boys and girls were enlisted. In 1919, this army had grown to two million and a half, producing $48,000,000 worth of vegetables. And, for 1920, the Bureau has set the peg of its ambition far in advance of this practical achievement. Here's a practical course in Americanism—manual and mental training and thrift.

This very war which gave rise to the United States School Garden Army revealed some serious faults in our national structure. It enabled us to discover with a shock to the senses that the "Melting Pot" was but a splendid figment of the imagination—that it did not melt, that in the hour of the great ordeal by fire our structure of nationalism began to disintegrate into its elementary parts rather than fuse inseparably. Poles who were catalogued as American citizens began suddenly to think as Poles; Germans as Germans; Italians as Italians. Few were thinking as Americans! And why?

Because our American system of education was weak; it had not sown in brains the healthy spores of an unshakable Americanism. The Bureau of Education was quick to discover this. It began to examine closely into the lamentable condition revealed by the fact that in all the mobilization camps in the country the illiterates averaged nearly 25 per cent! Here was the direct menace to Americanism when its cult had challenged those of militarism. It must not happen again. If the Bureau of Education has its way, it will not happen again. For to-day, it has constructed a dynamic educational policy for the period of reconstruction we are now entering.

From reliable figures the Bureau has learned, among other things, that for all the purposes of education, from kindergarten through college, the total amount spent for the education of our children is $405.60 for each one, from early childhood to finished youth. This includes teachers' salaries, lands, buildings, equipment—everything!

"One wonders," said Commissioner Claxton, "if the value of the difference between illiteracy and lack of all the training of the schools and the education which the average American citizen should have is not more than $405.60!"

Here's a promise for constructive educational service, the call to awaken our people to the crushing need of more and better educational facilities. The Bureau has risen to the emergency and everywhere is carrying on a campaign to awaken Americans to a realization of our criminal neglect of our educational systems.

ONE of the most shameful neglects has been that of adequate pay for teachers in our schools and colleges. Through a campaign of pitiless publicity, the Bureau is displaying its collected facts and figures to show just how heavily we are paying for this neglect. Many States have been aroused to action on reading the Bureau's statement that in February, this year, more than 18,000 schools were closed because of lack of teachers, while 41,000 schools were being taught by teachers "below standard."

One of the greatest tasks of the Bureau of Education is that of standardizing kindergarten work in schools which differ tremendously in size and equipment and location

Teachers are leaving the schools and flocking to industries where they are paid wages commensurate with the value of their services. This must be corrected—it will be. No organization could work harder to correct it than the Bureau is working. A whole series of articles might be written on what the Bureau is doing to obliterate this inequity.

How the States, cities, and counties have learned to look to the Bureau for constructive criticism and advice, as regards their educational systems, is well demonstrated by the extent to which they are calling on the Bureau for such help. One of the Bureau's specialties is the making of educational surveys. A total of 30 surveys have been made to date. A single illustration will show the value of this service.

Original from

In the eastern part of the United States, there is a certain industrial city with a population of between 60,000 and 70,000, where 80 per cent of the parents of public-school children are foreign-born. This city has had a great deal of trouble from manifestations of social unrest. The Bureau was not long in putting its finger on the reason why, once it had made a most searching survey of the situation.

The last census revealed the fact that this was one of the three cities in the United States having the largest percentage of illiteracy. One out of every three people ten years of age and over could not speak English; 55 per cent of all the foreign-born ten years of age and over could not speak English!

The parents wanted to learn English; they wanted to become American citizens in deed as well as in name. There were many evening schools which had been provided for the teaching of adults, but these were poorly attended. Why?

"I work at night," said one of those questioned by the Bureau investigators. Said another: "I work during the day, but my wife works at night and I have to stay home with the children." Now listen to this one: "My teacher does not understand what I want to talk about or know about!"

The greatest trouble, the Bureau discovered, was that English was not being taught for the purposes of communication. The people were taught to read and write but not to speak in English. Nor was there any attempt at individual instruction.

Very well. The Bureau made a thorough digest of its findings and offered many remedial suggestions which need not be detailed here. But the most significant words of its report occur in the following summary of the case:

"THE adult education problem is a social problem. If there is any tendency to bring pressure to bear to refuse any individual, or group of individuals, the opportunity to learn English for fear of the opinions which they may express when they can express them in English; if there is an atmosphere of distrust and skepticism outside the schools as to the sincerity of the desire of the majority to learn English; if espionage displaces the community benefits of rational freedom; if the attempt is made to develop the schools *for* the people instead of *with* the people, then there is no hope of developing an adequate system of adult education in X—.

"If, on the other hand, it is remembered that the public school system in America was created by the people for the use of all the people, and if the more liberal spirit of social co-operation, confidence, and desire for mutual understanding prevails, then there is every reason why X— may develop a system of adult education which would not only solve her own problems but also serve as a model for other industrial cities."

Now, as an example of an aggressive advisory policy, the Bureau has, on its own initiative, sought to enlist the co-operation of the State Educational Boards in perfecting a system of home-reading courses for adults. This is strictly an after-war activity, designed to meet and remedy some of the glaring inequities in our present system for the education of the masses. Under this system, any adult may take up a constructive reading course in shipbuilding, for example, and complete it under supervision of his own State educational system—usually the extension division of the State university.

AND while these plans for adults are maturing, the Bureau has inaugurated a campaign for forming State kindergarten associations throughout the United States. It is plain enough that the result of such action will be to greatly extend the usefulness of the kindergarten and to more nearly fix standards of kindergarten work. Only by closest co-operation among such educational agencies can we hope to see them welded into worthy all-American institutions. Up to now, our educational systems from kindergarten to universities have lacked a certain degree of standardization which is indispensable to their highest success.

For six months, during 1918, the Bureau operated a Division of Educational Extension. Now have come many requests for the reviving of this activity to be carried on with the same degree of vigor which characterized it during the period when the division served a war-emergency function.

The Division's record justifies its rehabilitation. Educational extension work is merely the projection of educational facilities beyond the normal boundaries circumscribing schools, colleges and universities. It is sending education into the home, not waiting for the home to come to it.

During the period of the bureau's work in educational extension, it col-

Children of the foreign-born filling the courtyard of one of New York's public schools. They represent part of the problem education must solve

lected some 25,000 stereoptican slides, more than 6,000,000 feet of moving picture film. It edited and distributed more than 4,000,000 feet of films to the extension divisions of universities, colleges and State departments of education. These films depicted the making of good roads; the work of the Coast Guard; dental hygiene; reclaiming American soils; and, in addition, the Division served as a clearing house to send out some 15,000 pieces of material on current topics for colleges and universities maintaining an information and library service; tens of

The Bureau of Education has been promoting school-directed home gardening for a number of years. The school garden army last year, numbering two million and a half, with recruits in every village and state, produced $48,000,000 worth of vegetables

thousands of bulletins were distributed; 18,000 public libraries were kept informed as to the sources of valuable publications; 11,000 pieces of Americanization literature, giving concrete and specific help in planning courses in teaching immigrants, were sent out to extension agencies. And these are but a few of the Division's activities during 1918.

And to-day, in view of the fact that we have some 4,000,000 recently discharged soldiers eager to pick up their education where they left it when called to the colors; millions of other men and women eager for opportunities for instruction; millions of recently enfranchised women wanting enlightenment on civic and political problems; millions of foreign-born people seeking the same light, to say nothing of the 2,500,000 boys and girls every year attaining their majority in America; in view of these facts and also that many of these millions have no opportunity whatever to attend college, many not even with the advantages of a common-school education; it does look reasonable and justifiable that the Bureau should again be allowed to carry on its extension work with many times the 1918 appropriation of $50,000 to finance it.

There are few better investments the American people could make than to finance the Extension Division through the Bureau of Education, in order to reach the masses at this most critical period of our national readjustment.

During the war, a private organization inaugurated, with the help of the Bureau of Education, an elementary training course for citizenship. This

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228,000 individual letters of inquiry were received and answered.

As the Bureau itself points out, the ideal it has set for itself is to give help wherever it can; to answer as many inquiries as possible; to send little without request, but to encourage people to ask for information and, wherever practical, to pay, at actual cost, for the more formal publications; and, in general, to furnish the results of collected experience as widely but as specifically as possible.

There is one field, how-

was planned for the benefit of men serving overseas in the American Army. This is civic education. It was needed against the return of these men to their homes to pick up the dropped threads of their civic duties.

Now that the war is over, the demand for this civic education has increased. Not only the public schools but numerous other educational agencies are calling on the Bureau for help in training people for citizenship through practical courses of instruction.

"A remarkable stimulation in civic education resulted from the war," said Commissioner Claxton, "and it is perhaps worthy of note that the bulletins relating to civic education published by the Bureau of Education prior to 1916 have been widely influential in determining the character of instruction introduced into the public schools for purposes of civic training.

BULLETINS and specially prepared leaflets have been the Bureau's most effective medium for making available to the masses the Bureau's vast fund of information relative to education. One publication in particular was designed to acquaint the American people with their own Government in terms of its everyday usefulness. The Bureau rightly took the stand that one of the essentials of a sound Americanism is public cognizance that the Government is a very human, very practical institution and that there is little if anything affecting the daily life of our masses that escapes its investigational eye.

So the Bureau put out a publication called "Use Your Government." It has met with immediate approval, as evidenced by the demand for it. And the Bureau itself is being patronized more and more by individuals seeking direct, authentic information. Last year, nearly

Above, children from the East Side of New York receiving their first lessons in how to plant gardens. Below, a typical scene in one of the large industrial cities of the country, showing the way in which useless land has been reclaimed and put to agricultural use

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Saluting the flag is an exercise that is never omitted in any school in the United States, no matter how large or small

ever, in which the Bureau has given a practical demonstration in the efficiency of its creeds which it would like to see accepted in principle at least by the rank and file of educational institutions in America. That field is Alaska, where education of the natives is directly under the Federal Government through the Bureau of Education. To-day, in Alaska, the Bureau has 3 school superintendents, 3 acting superintendents, 121 teachers, 8 physicians, and 11 nurses. There are some 68 Government schools, with total enrolments of 3,700.

It is hard for those living in milder climates to realize that many of these Alaskan school districts are practically isolated, throughout the long, severe winters, from the rest of the world; that these same schools can show Esquimo boys working in manual training classes, Esquimo girls taking courses in domestic science, children singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in storm-bound schools, with the thermometer registering 60 degrees below zero, with no means of transportation except dog sleds, reindeer or snow-shoes. But the work goes on.

"In the morning," recounts a former teacher from the Bureau of Education, who served in Alaska, "when the teacher rang the bell for school, and the babies 'who wouldn't stay home' trooped up the school hill, the mercury, by the light of a match, stood at 65 below zero. Two hours later, the kerosene was frozen in the school lamps."

At twelve o'clock that day—it was February 1st—the school was thrown into an uproar by the appearance of the sun. But before the teacher could get the class outdoors to revel in its light —after 72 days of darkness!—it disappeared.

"It was 38 below zero," she continues. "Three months of winter yet remained, but what mattered that? Their souls had thrilled once again to 'God's smile,' and hope, joy, and expectation mingled with the regret on every youthful face."

IN nine Alaskan villages, the Bureau of Education has encouraged and can show in successful operation co-operative enterprises, financed by native capital and managed by the natives themselves. The teacher in the local United States school has in every case direct supervision over these enterprises. One such co-operative concern recently showed a capital of $21,140 and a net profit of $13,721. One of the first things taught these embryo Americans is self-help.

Now, coming back to the older sections of the United States, the Bureau has made many investigations of the status of both the rural and the urban school. Neither is what it should be, but both can be improved. The Bureau has held three national and sectional conferences on rural education to put before the people its program for rural school improvement, which program finally has been accepted as a working basis. This program is worth recording here; it shows the lines along which the Bureau is directing its organized energies in behalf of better education for our rural children. Consider:

1. A minimum school term of not less than 160 days.

2. A sufficient number of teachers adequately prepared for their work.

3. The consolidation of rural schools where practicable and, where impracticable, to make the one-teacher school the best it is possible to make it by placing therein an adequately prepared teacher.

4. The teachers' home and demonstration farm of five acres or more as the property of the school and as an illustration for the community in better homemaking and in better farming.

5. An all-year session of school adapted to local conditions.

6. Community organization with the public school building as a social and civic center.

7. Free county public libraries similar to the California plan.

8. A high school education for country boys and girls that will allow them to secure such education without break in home ties.

9. Such readjustment and reformation of the course of study in elementary and secondary rural schools as will adapt them to the lives of the people they are to serve.

10. The elimination of illiteracy.

11. Better civic and patriotic instruction so as to make true Americans of all who live under the Stars and Stripes.

12. The conservation of rural health.

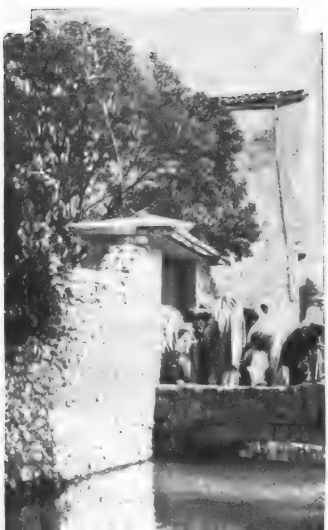
13. Good roads as related to better rural schools, and (*Cont. on Page 78.*)

The March of the Red Cross

A GLIMPSE from the WATCH TOWER AT WASHINGTON

From there you can see—

Refugees Beside the Black Sea
Starving Children in Vienna
Tornadoes in Illinois
Cemeteries in France and
Sailors in Distant Honkong



Moslem women in Scutari, Albania, waiting for their daily ration at the Red Cross headquarters. These are the extremely poor

IT IS eighteen months now since the armistice period. And yet from one point of view it begins to look as if there had never been a greater need for an efficient, we'l supported Red Cross than there is to-day.

Tornadoes in the middle West and the Southern states; a frightful epidemic of blindness in China; appalling conditions in Vienna and Central Europe; misery and disease in Constantinople and Asia Minor; thousands of Russian refugees pouring into Belgrade, into Roumania, and northward into the Baltic states. In all these sections of the world the Red Cross is taking part to-day in the desperate campaign which is being waged against disease and misery all over the globe.

In Constantinople, it is the Red Cross Chapter which is again on the job, having pulled itself together since peace came. It has appropriated fifty thousand dollars to help the Red Cross workers already on the spot, in their efforts to deal with the influx of thousands of Russian refugee women and children and old men who have been driven in panic from their homes by the Bolshevik advance toward the Black Sea. Tents are being provided for the more robust of the destitute, while houses outside the city are being put in shape for the women and children.

In South Russia and Serbia, it is the Red Cross Commission which has put the barracks and delousing stations once more in use to handle, with a skill born of experience in the long months since the war began, the new crowds of filthy bedraggled refugees. In Esthonia, it is again our Baltic Commission which is operating for general relief—the only ambulance service in the entire republic is being operated in Riga by the Red Cross—the entire unit numbering over fifty. Aided by such native assistance as can be recruited, they are covering the Baltic coast, distributing relief supplies to the starving, establishing dispensaries and fighting the typhus plague which has spread throughout the country and now numbers nearly thirty thousand victims.

In these places, some headway is being made. Where Vienna and Austria are concerned, however, the brutal truth about conditions is that they are appalling. To American minds, already surfeited with stories of distress, words fail to carry any adequate picture whatever of life in that part of the world. Of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand school children in Vienna, only seven thousand are getting enough to eat, despite American efforts. In addition, a new and terrible disease caused by the germ of influenza and attacking the brain of its victim, is taking terrific toll among the little boys and girls of that unhappy city.

Hampered by the almost insurmountable obstacle of lack of medicines, supplies or food, the Red Cross doctors have so far fought desperately against this enemy but with only slight success. More than ninety thousand people have received Red Cross aid, over sixty hospitals have been given emergency supplies, while drugs and medicines

IN THIS country, the severe tornadoes in the middle western and southern States have demonstrated once more the necessity and advantage of real disaster preparedness. In town after town, while the storm still raged, Red Cross workers hastened to the relief of the hundreds of injured and homeless, sometimes from a great distance. In every instance, the value of the preparations made in advance were vividly evident.

of all kinds have been given until there are no more. But the disease has swept steadily on notwithstanding, until to-day the former Austrian empire and the lands east are faced with untold horrors. Men, women and children are dying by thousands. Over vast areas, there are neither medical appliances nor medical skill sufficient to cope with the horrors by which those people are faced.

It is a situation that calls for serious thought on the part of American citizens whether or not they feel called upon to replenish by any special contributions the funds the Red Cross has so far used for the alleviation of this intense suffering. At the present writing, the entire problem is being put forward for universal Red Cross consideration in all the leading countries of the world by the League of Red Cross Societies—at the instance of Arthur Balfour, President of the League of Nations Council. It is peculiarly a problem which only Red Cross action can solve, provided the Governments involved furnish the transportation, food and clothing required. Problems of personnel, methods, drugs and medicines would be solved by the different Red Cross Societies.

GENEROSITY ISN'T ALL ONE-SIDED

HERE are some of the toys made by little French children and sent to this country as evidence of their gratitude to America. Below is a reproduction of the frieze with which the French children decorated the playroom walls in the Junior Red Cross schools in Paris. In the centre, a glimpse of what home means, at present, to thousands of children in the ruined districts of Northern France. This is a dugout on the old Hindenburg line

Some chapters had the advantage—from a First Aid point of view—of being practically on the spot, as in Chicago, where the storm swept through the suburbs of the city itself. There, fortunately, the course of the tornado was over an area not densely inhabited and, while the property loss was great, the number of casualties was surprisingly small, there being only sixteen deaths. One hundred and twenty-six dwellings, however, were wholly or almost wholly demolished, in two districts, the destruction being on such a scale as to require the opening of local Red Cross headquarters for the rendering of emergency relief.

At Melrose Park and in the two adjacent villages, Maywood and Bellewood, seventy houses were demolished. At Dunning, thirty houses were demolished. In addition to these, the storm wiped out many homes in the west suburbs. In all of the affected districts, emergency relief work was started a few hours after the catastrophe. A fund of Ten Thousand Dollars was donated for immediate aid; housing, salvage, clearing of débris and other problems were taken up after the wounded had been cared for; three portable school buildings were donated for the use of the homeless, and truck loads of food, blankets and warm clothing were sent from Chicago to the paralyzed communities.

HALF A WORLD APART BUT—THE SAME IDEA

ABOVE, one of the Red Cross warehouses in Warsaw where clothing is dealt out to needy Poles. The Red Cross Commission to Poland consists of over a hundred workers. Their work has been greatly complicated by the influx of Polish refugees from Russia. Below, the Red Cross at home—a little rest house in America, where housewives bring their babies and children from neighboring farms to the Red Cross class in home nursing and care of the sick

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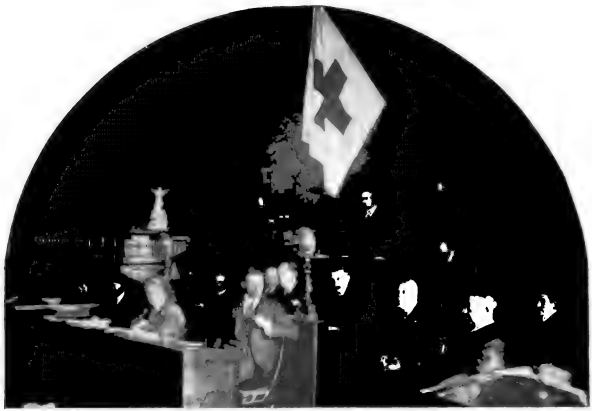

First General Council of League of Red Cross Societies at Geneva. Delegates from thirty different countries assembled in the interest of health and medical science. It is this League which is arousing the Red Cross Societies of the world to concerted action

In Georgia, distance played an important part, the two towns where the hurricane did its greatest damage being some ninety miles from Atlanta, the nearest large city. Destruction of communication delayed news of the fury with which the wind had struck the towns, but the instant that news of the disaster reached the Red Cross in Atlanta, a relief expedition was organized.

With telegraph wires down, trains were not running but automobiles were obtained immediately and Red Cross doctors and nurses with loads of bandages, splints, medicines and other emergency supplies began a ninety-mile ride through the night, over roads hidden by water, fording almost impassible streams. It is worthy of note as showing the self-reliant character of American communities that when the Red Cross arrived in the stricken district the citizens of the tornado-swept towns were already organized and administering relief to the best of their ability. In fact, such was the nature of local preparations, in all the States affected by the storms, and such was the despatch and efficiency with which relief was administered by Red Cross chapters, that assistance from Washington was not required. The results of the work in these tornadoes shows more plainly than ever the value of the preparedness idea.

From every side this last month have come unmistakable and repeated indications of the earnest way in which Red Cross chapters in all parts of the country are taking hold of the peace program for the relief of suffering, the better health of the American people and the improvement of social conditions in communities, the three great stones upon which Red Cross work at home is founded.

Chapter after chapter has taken up the executive secretary idea; day by day, communication and interchange of ideas show signs of an increasingly enthusiastic co-operation in the country-wide organization; in county after county, chapters are securing the peace-time extension authority and are going ahead in the multifarious ways which local needs dictate.

ALL the things which are being accomplished are too numerous to set down here. But in the Northwest, for instance, four cases of surgical dressings have just been sent to each of fifty-six hospitals which have been greatly in need of them because of the shortage of personnel. In this same section more than twenty carloads of raw and finished materials have been shipped for use in the devastated regions. This is as large a shipment as was ever made over a similar period during the war.

Corning, New York, has equipped and is maintaining an emergency hospital of fifty beds ready for use at all times either in the city or in the adjacent countryside. Each bed with its complement of springs, mattress, blankets and so forth is stored in a compact bag and the entire equipment can be loaded on a truck and started for any destination within a period of three hours.

In Hood River County, a First Aid Kit has been placed in every school and railroad station in the county. At the railway stations, stretchers have been installed, the county has appropriated two thousand dollars for the county nursing service and all the medical work has been consolidated and put into the hands of a single medical officer.

In Nicholasville, Kentucky, the Red Cross has helped organize a co-operative council of all the social agencies in the county and town and all plans for the betterment of the community have now been put in the one great movement to accomplish the good things for which each agency was formerly striving alone.

In St. Louis, a public health program, perhaps the most comprehensive of any inaugurated by the Red Cross in America, is being pushed to conclusion by the local chapter. It consists of work along five principal lines—nursing, child welfare, social disease, tuberculosis, and recreation. At the beginning what was most needed was a training school for public health nurses. A former saloon was selected in a congested portion of the city and the area surrounding it was designated a training district where all kinds of community problems could be studied close at hand—overcrowding, malnutrition, insanitary living quarters and the like. The first class is just graduated and its members are now hard at work.

These naturally are only a few out of hundreds of items. The entire list brings up a picture of real steady accomplishment in many communities of which any group of Americans banded together under any name might be proud. And everywhere, at the same time, in the army camps of the southwest, among the thirteen thousand wounded in the public health hospitals, in the many (*Continued on Page 75*)

Getting Husky, Son— Grape-Nuts Agrees!

This delicious wheat and malted barley food provides, in easily digestible form, essential elements Nature requires for growth, health and strength.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

At Grocers Everywhere

Solving The Servant Girl Problem

(*Continued from Page 34*)

had opened the container and had feasted on scorching soup, hot beef, and fiery soft potatoes.

That is the sort of thing that is being done by the Montclair Community Kitchen, and it is not difficult to understand why it is growing in popularity by leaps and bounds.

The Kitchen, however, has not always been a success. It was first started in 1913 by a group of Montclair women who had always had considerable difficulty in getting servants, and to whom the mounting cost of help and food was becoming a serious problem. But this problem was not then sufficiently acute to make the idea of a community kitchen, a kitchen where many dinners could be cooked and sent out to different families, very popular. It ran along for some years, furnishing meals, but owing partly to the difficulty of obtaining proper containers and the difficulty of interesting families in the scheme, it met with indifferent success.

IT almost fell through at one time and there was talk of abandoning it, but it was then that Mrs. Don C. Bliss, to whom the success of the Kitchen is due, perhaps, more than to any other one person, became interested in the scheme. Mrs. Bliss is what is popularly known as a "doer"; while others sit about planning she goes out and does things. She interested others in the scheme, among them the Reverend Edgar Wiers, pastor of the Montclair Unitarian Church, and the result of their efforts was the incorporation of the Montclair Co-Operative Kitchen under the laws of the State of New Jersey, with authority to transact business and declare six per cent dividends, which, however, have never yet been declared.

The charter of the Kitchen, however, goes further than that. It sets forth that the business of the Kitchen is to supply meals, cooked and ready to eat and, besides mentioning the six per cent dividends, provides that the remainder of the profits must be put back into the business. Under the present arrangement with the manager of the place, E. R. Humphrey, who came down from a New England farm with his family to take charge of the Kitchen, the cooks and other help employed receive, in addition to unusually large wages, one half of the profits. It is hoped by Mrs. Bliss and the others interested that eventually not only will the Kitchen be able to declares the six per cent dividends which the papers of incorporation call for, but that there will be sufficient profits to make possible a weekly or monthly rebate to the families using the kitchen in proportion to the amount spent for meals.

The dividends will, under the law, go to the original incorporators of the Kitchen, of whom there are some six or eight, but the rebate will go to all users, and it is the sentiment of the majority of the stockholders that the dividends should be put back into the business also, and all share and share alike on the rebate. This is probably the plan which will be followed, and it is not to be doubted that before long such a scheme will be possible.

The Kitchen had not had clear sailing throughout its period of existence. It is only now that the originators of the idea see light ahead of them. They have gone through many trials, and they have had discouragements enough to make one wonder why they haven't abandoned the idea half a dozen times, but they have stuck to their guns and now the results are beginning to show. And not the least of these results by any means is the fact that women's clubs and organizations all over the country are inquiring about the methods of the Kitchen, and experiments of the same sort are springing up in a number of cities.

For a few weeks after the Kitchen was first established it went with a whoop. It was new, and everybody wanted to try it. Then its popularity subsided, and the business dwindled to such a point that it was apparent that there was not sufficient business to warrant going ahead. It looked then as if the Kitchen must be abandoned, but Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers and the other pioneers decided that something could be done and must be done to save it. They knew the Kitchen was a good thing, and that in time it would be successful. They took stock of everything they had, including their troubles, and tried to find out exactly what was wrong. It dwindled down to two things—lack of demand for the dinners, and the fact that proper containers had not been obtained in which to send out the meals. The ones then in use did not keep the food warm, and left the meal soggy and not very good. The first thing that Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers did was to get in touch with a manufacturing concern in New York City, and with the inventors of this firm working with their ideas as a basis, a container was evolved which met all the demands made upon it.

BUT even then, although the demands for the dinners increased, there was not sufficient business to keep the Kitchen operating. So a boarding house was started to carry the overhead expense. This proved immensely popular, and twice this establishment has outgrown its quarters and moved into larger buildings so that to-day the Kitchen and the boarding house operated by the Kitchen is running for the third year in one of the largest and best places of the sort in Montclair. The service improved, but a temporary suspension was caused by the war, due mainly to the fact that the old containers had become worn with so much use, and since the Government had commandeered the supply of aluminum, it was impossible to replace them.

But throughout the war the Kitchen organization continued to operate the boarding house, and continued to experiment with whatever types of containers could be obtained, and with food and balanced meals. During the year immediately following the war the concern which had previously furnished containers sent an inventor to Montclair, and from his ideas and those of Mrs. Bliss and Dr. Wiers and others, the container was evolved which is now in use, and which is regarded as the best thing of the sort that has yet been developed. The Kitchen resumed its service last December, and since then has been operating continuously, with constantly increasing patronage and with a gradual lessening of the cost to the consumer.

It is difficult to reckon the saving the Kitchen has made to the families using its service. But at the present prices of household help, the high cost of foods and the almost utter impossibility of obtaining servants of any sort, the financial saving is undoubtedly considerable, and the saving in wear and tear on the nerves of the housewife is tremendous. Not all of the families interested in the Kitchen use the service at all times. Some use it but once or twice a week, some four or five times, and some use it occasionally. But it is a great comfort to any housewife to know that if the maid quits suddenly, or if the maid has a day out and company comes unexpectedly, there are dinners to be had without troubling to cook them—and the dinners are usually better than the average cook can put together.

The price of the service is not at all excessive. In fact, compared to the prices of the same meals served in restaurants, it is extraordinarily low, and it is quite probable that with every item of expense taken into consideration, it is as low as the same food could be cooked for in the home. Here are the rates of the Kitchen:

	Single Meal
1 Four course dinner	$1.25
	Each
2 Four course dinners	$.85
3 and 4 Four course dinners	.75
5 or more Four course dinners	.70
4 or more Two course dinners	.65
4 or more One course dinners	.50
3 or more lunches (not Sundays)	.50

THE sort of thing which the Montclair Co-Operative Kitchen is doing is only in its infancy, and within the next few years there probably will be hundreds of such organizations operating all over the United States.

And in the great beauty of such a Kitchen is the fact that the more people use them the cheaper the meals are going to be, largely because additional patronage means additional saving in labor and in quantity buying.

"Never Do to be Without Jell-O"

As Tommy finished the Jell-O dessert at dinner mamma remarked, "That's the last of the Jell-O in the house," and he proceeded to the kitchen to enter an order for more.

"Never do to be without Jell-O," Tommy says.

Good idea, too, for with

JELL-O

in the house you have something to rely on in time of emergency and all other times.

Any woman can make a dozen or more different kinds of dishes from each of the six flavors of Jell-O, which are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate.

Send for the 1920 Jell-O Book, which contains some new recipes for popular dishes.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

The Prodigal Village

(*Continued from Page 23*)

fancy to the old dream. So one day, he converted his bank balance into "a roll big enough to choke a dog," and took the early morning train to Hazelmead, having left Christmas at the Widow Moran's.

In the mill city he bought a high silk hat and a gold headed cane and a new suit of clothes and a boiled shirt and a high collar and a red necktie. It didn't matter to him that the fashion and fit of his garments were not quite in keeping with the silk hat and gold headed cane. There were three other items in the old dream of splendor—the mother, the prancing team, and the envious remarks of the onlookers. His mother had been lying in her grave for some twenty years. Also there were no prancing horses in Hazelmead, but he could hire an automobile.

In the course of his celebration he asked a lady, whom he met in the street, if she would kindly be his mother for a day. He meant well but the lady, being younger than Hiram and not accustomed to such familiarity from strangers, did not feel complimented by the question. They fled from each other. Soon, Hiram bought a big custard pie in a bake-shop and had it cut into smallish pieces and, having purchased pie and plate, went out upon the street with it. He ate what he wanted of the pie and generously offered the rest of it to sundry people who passed him. It was not impertinence in Hiram; it was pure generosity—a desire to share his riches, flavored, in some degree, by a feeling of vanity. It happened that Mr. J. Patterson Bing came along and received a tender of pie from Mr. Blenkinsop.

"Wot!" said Mr. Bing, with that old hammer whack in his voice which aroused bitter memories in the mind of Hiram.

That tone was a great piece of impudence. There was a menacing gesture and a rapid succession of footsteps on the pavement. Mr. Bing's retreat was not, however, quite swift enough to save him. The pie landed on his shoulder. In a moment, Hiram was arrested and marching toward the lockup while Mr. Bing went to the nearest drug store to be cleaned and scoured.

A FEW days later Hiram Blenkinsop arrived in Bingville. Mr. Singleton met him on the street and saw to his deep regret that Hiram had been drinking.

"I've made up my mind that religion is good for some folks, but it won't do for me," said the latter.

"Why not?" the minister asked.

"I can't afford it."

"Have you found religion a luxury?" Mr. Singleton asked.

"It's grand while it lasts, but it's like p'ison gettin' over it," said Hiram. "I feel kind o' ruined."

"You look it," said the minister, with a glance at Hiram's silk hat and soiled clothing. "A long spell of sobriety is hard on a man if he quits it sudden. You've had your day of trial, my friend. We all have to be tried soon or late. People begin to say, 'At last he's come around all right. He's a good fellow.' And the Lord says: 'Perhaps he's worthy of better things. I'll try him and see.'

"That's His way of pushing people along, Hiram. He doesn't want them to stand still. You've had your trial and failed but you mustn't give up. When your fun turns into sorrow, as it will, come back to me and we'll try again."

HIRAM sat dozing in a corner of the barroom of the Eagle Hotel that day. He had been ashamed to go to his comfortable room over the garage. He did not feel entitled to the hospitality of Mr. Singleton. Somehow, he couldn't bear the thought of going there. His new clothes and silk hat were in a state which excited the derision of small boys and audible comment from all observers while he had been making his way down the street. His money was about gone. The barkeeper had refused to sell him any more drink. In the early dusk he went out-of-doors. It was almost as warm as midsummer and the sky was clear. He called at the door of the Widow Moran for his dog. In a moment, Christmas came down from the shepherd's room and greeted his master with fond affection. The two went away together. They walked up a deserted street and around to the old graveyard. When it was quite dark, they groped their way through the weedy, briared aisles, between moss-covered toppling stones, to their old nook under the ash tree. There Hiram made a bed of boughs, picked from the evergreens that grew in the graveyard, and lay down upon it under his overcoat with the dog Christmas. He found it impossible to sleep, however. When he closed his eyes a new thought began nudging him.

It seemed to be saying, "What are you going to do now, Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop?"

He was pleased that it seemed to say *Mr.* Hiram Blenkinsop. He lay for a long time looking up at the starry, moonlit sky, and at the marble, weather-spotted angel on the monument to the Reverend Thaddeus Sneed, who had been lying there, among the rude forefathers of the village, since 1866. Suddenly the angel began to move. Mr. Blenkinsop observed with alarm that it had discovered him and that its right forefinger was no longer directed toward the sky but was pointing at his face. The angel had assumed the voice of his Old Self and was saying:

"I am cold and lonely and have no home and nothing to do in the world. I am wretched. Why do you keep throwing me out-of-doors? If you treated your dog as you do me, nobody would speak to you."

His Old Self vanished and, as it did so, the spotted angel fell to coughing and sneezing. It coughed and sneezed so loudly that the sound went echoing in the distant sky and so violently that it reeled and seemed to be in danger of falling. Mr. Blenkinsop woke with a rude jump so that the dog Christmas barked in alarm. It was nothing but the midnight train from the south pulling out of the station which was near the old graveyard. The spotted angel stood firmly in its place and was pointing at the sky as usual.

It was probably an hour or so later, when Mr. Blenkinsop was awakened by the barking of the dog Christmas. He quieted the dog and listened. He heard a sound like that of a baby crying. It awoke tender memories in the mind of Hiram Blenkinsop. One very sweet recollection was about all that the barren, bitter years of his young manhood had given him worth having. It was the recollection of a little child which had come to his home in the first year of his married life.

"She lived eighteen months and three days," he used to say, in speaking of her, with a tender note in his voice.

Almost twenty years, she had been lying in the old graveyard near the ash tree. Since then the voice of a child crying always halted his steps. It is probable that, in her short life, the neglected, pathetic child Pearl—that having been her name—had protested much against a plentiful lack of comfort and sympathy.

So Mr. Blenkinsop's agitation at the sound of a baby crying somewhere near him, in the darkness of the old graveyard, was quite natural and will be readily understood. He rose on his elbow and listened. Again he heard that small, appealing voice.

"By thunder! Christmas," he whispered. "If that aint like Pearl when she was a little, teeny, weeny thing no bigger'n a pint o' beer! Say it is, sir, sure as Heaven!"

He scrambled to his feet, suddenly, for now, also, he could distinctly hear the voice of a woman crying. He groped his way in the direction from which the sound came and soon discovered the woman. She was kneeling on a grave with a child in her arms. Her grief touched the heart of the man.

"Who be you?" he asked.

"I'm cold, and my baby is sick, and I have no friends," she sobbed.

"Yes, ye have!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "I don't care who ye be. I'm yer friend and don't ye fergit it."

THERE was a reassuring note in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. Its gentleness had in it a quiver of sympathy. She felt it and with just a quiver of sympathy in his voice gave to him—an unknown, invisible man—her confidence.

If ever anyone was in need of sympathy, she was at that moment. She felt that she must speak out to some-

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one. So keenly she felt the impulse that she had been speaking to the stars and the cold gravestones. Here at last was a human being with a quiver of sympathy in his voice.

"I thought I would come home, but when I got here I was afraid," the girl moaned. "I wish I could die."

"No, ye don't neither!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "Sometimes, I've thought that I hadn't no friends an' wanted to die, but I was just foolin' myself. To be sure, I ain't had no baby on my hands but I've had somethin' just as worrisome, I guess. Folks like you an' me has got friends a-plenty if we'll only give 'em a chance. I've found that out. You let me take that baby an' come with me. I know where you'll git the glad hand. You just come right along with me."

The unmistakable note of sincerity was in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. She gave the baby into his arms. He held it to his breast a moment thinking of old times. Then he swung his arms like a cradle saying:

"You stop yer hollerin'—ye gol' darn little skeezunks! It aint decent to go on that way in a graveyard an' ye ought to know it. Be ye tryin' to wake the dead?"

The baby grew quiet and finally fell asleep.

"Come on, now," said Hiram with the baby lying against his breast. "You an' me are goin' out o' the past. I know a little house that's next door to heaven. They say ye can see heaven from its windows. It's where the good Shepherd lives. Christmas an' I know the place—don't we, ol' boy. Come right along. There aint no kind o' doubt o' what they'll say to us."

THE young woman followed him out of the old graveyard and through the dark, deserted streets until they came to the cottage of the Widow Moran. They passed through the gate into Judge Crooker's garden. Under the Shepherd's window, Hiram Blenkinsop gave the baby to its mother and looked for a pebble to throw against the glass above. Suddenly a robin sounded his alarm. Instantly the Shepherd's room was full of light. In a moment, he was at the window sweeping the garden paths and the tree tops with his search-light. It fell on the sorrowful figure of the young mother with the child in her arms and stopped. She stood looking up at the window bathed in the flood of light. It reminded the Shepherd of that glow which the wise men saw in the manger at Bethlehem.

"Pauline Baker!" he exclaimed. "Have you come back or am I dreaming? Is it true that my prayer has been answered? Come around to the door. My mother will let you in."

It was a warm welcome that the girl received in the little home of the Widow Moran. Many words of comfort and good cheer were spoken in the next hour or so after which the good woman made tea and toast and broiled a chop and served them in the Shepherd's room.

"God love ye, child! So he was a married man had 'ess to him an' the likes of him?" she said as she came in with the tray. "Mother o' Jesus! What a wicked world it is!"

The dog Christmas hid under the Shepherd's bed, and Hiram Blenkinsop lay down for the rest of the night on the lounge in the cottage kitchen. An hour after daylight, when the Judge was walking in his garden, he wondered why the widow and the Shepherd were sleeping so late.

(To be concluded.)

The Maker of a Happy Valley

(Continued from Page 12)

Association grew apace. It took over the financing of the growers, the furnishing of crates and the providing of shipping facilities, as well as pickers. The grower receives a remittance each week during the crop-handling season, thus obviating the necessity of borrowing from the bank in the old way. The service spread and entered at every open door. When prices of commodities began to soar, throwing income out of balance with outgo, the Association established community stores where every necessary could be obtained at ten per cent less than at ordinary stores. These community stores do a rush business with no delivery. They were not established with the idea of making money but, owing to the immense volume of business, they do make more than the regular privately-owned stores.

THE quality of the valley milk was poor; the Association started high-class dairies. The valley was being served unwholesome meat—the discard of the city packing plants palmed off on the country trade—the Association opened butcher shops. A high-class bakery was started to relieve the valley wives of the drudgery of baking. All sorts of new things began to be grown—rhubarb, asparagus, lettuce. Last year 100 carloads of lettuce were shipped to New York, whereas three years ago lettuce was being shipped into the valley for home consumption. Eggs, also, are being shipped to New York; and over 500,000 jars of jam went to the trenches! Paul believes in jam—pure fruit and sugar without a filler. He says the boys learned to eat jam in the trenches and they brought the appetite back with them and that this will become the greatest jam-eating nation in the world, for jam takes the place of meat and meat will never be cheap again.

In the berry season, an average of 23 carloads go out in refrigerator cars daily and 10,000 berry pickers are in

the fields for 90 days. Pickers come from near-by towns—high school boys and girls chiefly—and the whole valley turns itself into the fields during the rush. There has never been a strike in the valley. People don't strike against their own!

"Pick berries yesterday," Paul says, "not to-morrow!"

THE farms are from one-half to ten acres and the incomes run from one to two thousand dollars an acre, according to the management. Homes are about a quarter of a mile apart. Families have from three to five children apiece. Every family owns a motor car. They have attractive bungalows; the valley is ribboned over with hard-surfaced roads, and the best of schools are within easy reach.

The two valley towns are within walking distance. Tacoma is ten miles away and Seattle, an hour's run over one of the finest boulevards in the world. They have their own fair every September—Paul, of course, being president—where are exhibited the finest fruits and vegetables to be seen anywhere in America to-day. The valley fair outrivals the State fair in every kind of attraction and is a paying concern—a rare thing in agricultural fairs.

In the canneries, 800 people are employed the year round. 11,000 barrels of fruit were put in refrigerators last summer to provide work for winter months. Berries are shipped in from Oregon and California, as the valley product is no longer sufficient to supply the demand. The workers are mostly women—all stockholders in the concern—as it has been found that they work cleaner and are faster than men, while men do better on the soil. Many of these women make as much as $10 and $11 a day. A woman physician is on the payroll; there are rest rooms and a cafeteria where hot lunches are provided at cost.

The Puyallup Valley Association is to-day the biggest berry-handling organization in the world. On a capital stock of $2,700—all owned by the growers—they are doing a business of two millions annually; in five years, at the present rate of growth, they will be doing a business of ten millions.

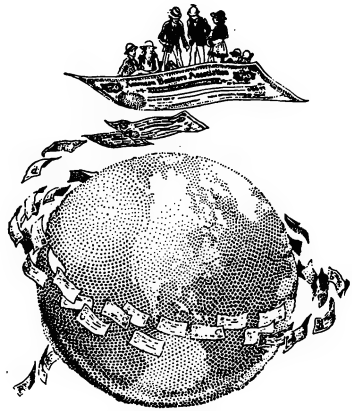
Starting in 1903, with no capital and an indebtedness, Paul has worked out the problem so that now the capital stock is intact; the indebtedness is paid off; the loans are cancelled; improvements are clear; and there is a surplus of $100,000 to divide among the 1800 stockholders.

"Paul," said an accountant recently, "do you realize that this plant you have developed would be paying you $50,000 a year if you owned it?"

PAUL, in his shirt sleeves, looked up from his crude pine-top desk. His office force and space have increased tremendously but he still uses the same old equipment.

"What'd be the use?" he shot back. "Why not help some one?"

And the widow? She often drops in and laughs over her early fears; for this is one widow's investment that proved absolutely gilt-edged.



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An Idealist of the Stage

(*Continued from Page 32*)

excellent idea and organized what he called "The Shakespeare Playhouse," to present a series of Shakespearian dramas at special matinees, with actors and actresses recruited from companies then appearing in the evenings in the ordinary sort of stuff that is current in Times Square. This project so appealed to Walter Hampden that he rehearsed and played the long and difficult parts of Marc Antony, Macbeth, Oberon, and Hamlet in the brief compass of a single month, although, at the same time, he was busy with rehearsals for an evening production. His Antony was one of the best that I have ever seen; and his Oberon was incomparable. His Macbeth was a disappointment and I told him so. To this he answered, "You are right. What you saw was merely a sketch. Macbeth is a part that I hope to be able to play ten years from now."

Walter Hampden's Hamlet was first shown in New York, at the Cort Theatre, on Friday, April 12, 1918, at three o'clock. There was a bad storm that afternoon, and the house was less than half full. Also, there was a special matinee at another theatre; and nearly all the critics had gone to this rival attraction. But I noticed, in his usual seat, the veteran J. Ranken Towse, who has been reviewing plays for *The New York Evening Post* for nearly half a century. In the interval before the last act, I went down the aisle and spoke to him. "Tell me. Is Walter as fine as I think he is?" "This is the best Hamlet since Booth," said Mr. Towse. "How about Forbes-Robertson?" I asked. "I have seen him in nearly half twelve times, and have worshiped his performance for years; but I like this better. This is even better than Forbes-Robertson," said Mr. Towse.

There was another performance the next evening, with twice the house that there had been the day before; but no manager took any interest in the proceedings.

THE next autumn, when Walter Hampden was playing an unimportant part in "Be Calm, Camilla," Frank McEntee endeavored to revive his project of "The Shakespeare Playhouse" and decided to initiate a series of special matinees with Walter Hampden's Hamlet. The Plymouth Theatre was engaged for two or three performances on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, and the play was announced in the newspapers. But, while the rehearsals were in progress, Mr. McEntee told Walter that he had not been able to raise sufficient money to assure the undertaking and stated that the promised matinee of "Hamlet" would have to be cancelled.

Walter then came to me. He told me that he had been announced to play Hamlet, and that he was ready to play Hamlet, and that he wanted to play Hamlet. He told me also that, at the moment, he had only sixteen hundred dollars in ready cash, to draw upon. He had his farm, of course, and other property that was worth considerable money; but there was only sixteen hundred dollars to his credit in the banks. Should he stake this money on a couple of matinees of "Hamlet" or ought he to play the part of prudence and conserve it? I advised him to bet this sum upon himself, with the idea that, if he lost the money, he would receive a return in advertising that would untimately prove remunerative.

WALTER HAMPDEN staked every ready penny that he had upon a quick response to his rendition of the role of Hamlet. At the first performance, in the autumn of 1918, there was only six hundred dollars in the house, but many distinguished people were present, who had been invited. The notices were superlative in praise; and the receipts amounted to nine hundred dollars at the second performance. For the third performance, the house was full, and many people stood up. This had been announced in the newspapers as the last performance; but, when the final curtain fell, at the annoying hour of ten minutes after six, nobody hurried home. The entire audience remained standing in their aisles. They recalled Walter Hampden again and again, and cheered him heartily. In response to these repeated cheers, he made an unexpected speech. "If that is the way you feel about it," he said, "I shall continue to play Hamlet until further notice."

In continuing this project, Walter Hampden was not aided by any of the managers. Yet, during that initial season of 1918–1919, he played the part of Hamlet approximately one hundred and twenty times; and he finished the season with a profit of three thousand dollars. He had bet upon himself and won. His Hamlet has now been seen in Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, and twenty or thirty of our smaller cities; and everywhere it is regarded as a classic work and one of the finest achievements of our native theatre for a quarter of a century.

I REPEAT the point that, in delivering this noble performance to the public, Walter Hampden was not aided by any of the managers. Neither the Shubert syndicate nor the Erlanger syndicate would consent to "book" him in the evenings. The valuable evening dates were reserved for current "shows;" and Walter Hampden's Hamlet was shoved in here and there at vacant matinees. Yet, in nearly every city, this great Hamlet outdrew the evening attraction. It was welcomed in the press with editorials and greeted with enthusiasm by an eager public.

After Walter Hampden had established his success in "Hamlet," a couple of playwrights at the Players, in New York, foregathered and agreed, as follows: "This fellow has done a fine thing, a finer thing than any of the rest of us; let us give him a little dinner and tell him so." These gentlemen were A. E. Thomas and Austin Strong. A small dinner was forthwith arranged, and held in the private dining-room of The Players on the evening of January 12, 1919. "There had we then our country's honor roofed"; for representatives of all the arts were present—distinguished painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, poets, playwrights, actors, men of letters. Albert Sternet designed the best of all his lithographs as a banquet-card, and then destroyed the stone. Charles Hanson Towne read a poem. David Bispham sang songs from Shakespeare. Austin Strong presided. Speeches were made by Francis Wilson, representing the actors, and by A. E. Thomas, representing the playwrights. At the climax of the evening, a gift was brought in and presented to Walter Hampden. It was the jeweled girdle that Edwin Booth had worn upon the stage in his rendition of the role of Hamlet, accompanied by a letter from Edwin Booth Grossman, the grandson of the founder of The Players, hailing Walter Hampden as the legitimate successor of Mr. Grossman's great ancestor.

Walter Hampden rose, and made a speech more beautiful than any other I have ever listened to. He stated very simply what he had tried to do, and what all of us, who were artists, were endeavoring to do. We were trying to "justify the ways of God to man," by making an eternal message manifest to the many who read only on the run, amidst the fret and fever of the modern world. Walter Hampden's talk was impromptu; and he is not a man of letters; but afterwards, for days, those who listened to this speech would gather quietly in corners and agree that the Walter Hampden dinner had helped them to do better in their own work, whatever it might be. As John Drinkwater has so nobly said, because we had "worshipped greatness passing by, ourselves were great."

THERE is something ineffable about Walter Hampden: "Something," as Sir Thomas Browne remarked, "that was before the elements and owns no homage unto the sun." This is that mystic something that the helter-skelter public feels when he walks upon the stage as Hamlet. To play this greatest of all parts impressively, it is necessary to be not only a great artist but also a great man. A great man is a gift to the community at large. Walter Hampden is still young; and by the grace of some divinity—

"He walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies!"

None So Rich

(*Continued from Page 41*)

"Don't imagine such terrible things. You have Alma all worked up."

She sat down near the fire, idle and uneasy. Yes, it could happen. The Cliff Road was steep, narrow and dangerous. And Buster making the grade in the rain and the mist and the wind! Yes, something might happen.

Bruce looked at the clock on the mantel. After eight! Oh, how the minutes were dragging by!

"And I told him to drive like the devil. I told him—" he sprang to his feet, "Say, Mom, I can't sit around like this. I'm going out to hunt him up. call at his house or the office maybe. I'll go crazy if I hang around here doing nothing."

SO Martha was left alone. How unreal the hour was! How uncertain a thing was life! She remembered her swift sharp fear for Henry. Suppose—Martha choked at the thought—suppose Alma could not call back Buster.

Suddenly she saw Alma on the threshold. Her lips were parted. Her eyes were wide with suffering.

"Mamma!" she cried and ran across the room and dropped at Martha's feet.

"My dear," Martha whispered, "He'll come back! He'll come back." She patted Alma's shoulder. "He'll be here soon," she said.

"I feel sure he will come back," Alma said. "He will come soon, Mamma. I feel it. Upstairs, I prayed so hard, Mamma, and then I felt sure he would come back. I felt sure! And when he comes, Mamma, I'll tell him that it can be in June. He won't have to wait for me two years. We'll manage somehow right at the start. We'll manage. So many others do. You did and Bertha and Minna and Jessie. Why, I've been silly, wanting to wait for cut glass and shaded lights and embroidered towels. I wanted to wait for all those things and all the while I had the big things waiting for me. But I couldn't see, Mamma. I couldn't see until tonight when I was afraid for Buster."

"He'll come back," Martha whispered.

"Yes, he'll be here soon," Alma repeated, "so I can tell him that we won't wait any longer. We'll get things slowly, like Bertha. We'll manage. It doesn't matter, Mamma, about all those things I wanted, if I can just have him. I thought, suppose he doesn't come back. And I knew I could give up everything but Buster. I thought we would be poor and I was ashamed. But I won't have to apologize for our poverty. I won't have to do that," she smiled and her voice was like the glitter and the jingle of gold. "I won't have to—for we will be rich, Mamma, rich in love."

Martha kissed the bowed head.

"Love is priceless," she said. "Alma, love makes life a great vault filled with rare gems, little moments of happiness, sweet dreams, precious hours. Love is priceless!"

And then, Buster burst in upon them,

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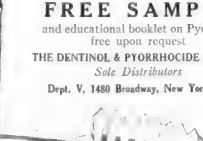

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his eyes sparkling, his cheeks aglow, his hair tousled. He flung his cap on the table.

"Well!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, Buster!" Alma cried and Martha did not know whether the voice was a sob or a song. "Oh, Buster, I thought you were never coming back! I thought you would never get here!"

"So did I," Buster agreed heartily. "Had to have dinner with the Canadian. Business before pleasure, you know."

"Buster, we won't have to wait now," Alma said softly. "I've changed my mind. It will be in June. We won't have to wait now."

"I should say we won't have to wait now!" Buster cried exultantly. "I should say not! The Marathon Motor Trucks are made! Sure, the deal went through! It couldn't fail after that ride we had and there's a commission on fifty thousand for us, little girl, and a raise—two hundred a month now. I should say we won't have to wait. Why, Alma girl, you're crying!"

Martha stole away. She knew there were many things Alma would have to say to Buster. Alone, in the dark kitchen the older woman raised her left hand and kissed her wedding ring.

"To think I've been yearning for a new rug," she chided, "and my life is worth a million dollars!"

Self-Satisfaction and The Job

(Continued from Page 51)

to understand the meaning of all the great industrial and social organization whirring about us in the effort to meet the needs of men and women and children all over the globe; all of us puzzled to understand what the war did and why the cost of it all goes higher, and all of us tempted to believe that the other fellow whom we don't know is somehow to blame, partly because we don't know him and partly because that explanation prevents our needing to bother further about the answer; well, I, for one, do not wonder that we get on each other's nerves, even we who are all indispensable to each other.

But, of course, everybody knows that the way out is the job—a steadier job, a more effective job, a more worthwhile job, a job in which we find the utmost possible opportunity to be the man we'd like to be because we feel we're *doing* the thing we ought to do.

"That's all right," Youell learn best by watching me do it, Joh you," said one of the blackest-skinned but whitest-hearted men I ever met; when, there on the open prairie, he insisted on doing for me the hardest and hottest jobs at the edge of the ladlefull of splashing white hot metal. "Then I will come easy and you'll enjoy it. The hot day's always hard enough foh the beginnah anyway."

The boy called him "Deacon." He looked to me like the "Prince of the Cinder-Pit." He and the better things had gotten together *for to joh!*

The First "All-American" Captain

And one of whom we are proud, is eleven-year old Alfred Amey of Brooklyn, N.Y. Not only has he won the first Captaincy in the All-American Boys' Club, but he is a direct descendant of John Mickley, of Mickley, Pa., who hid the Liberty Bell in his farm, waston and hauled it to Allentown, to save it from the British, during the Revolutionary War. Others of Alfred's family have fought for our country in every war since Colonial days.

Congratulations to young Captain Amey on his own patriotic achievement, which has made him our first officer! Congratulations to the Club on obtaining this fine All-American Captain!

Every boy in America has the same opportunity to become our second Captain. Let's hear from you quickly!

Write
The All-American Boys' Club
The Red Cross Magazine
(Owned and published exclusively by The American Red Cross)
1107 Broadway New York City

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Health

(*Continued from Page 26*)

under the edges of the gums, or high up into the tooth socket, and are causing destruction. A favorite location for their operations is in and around capped and bridged teeth, which it is almost impossible to keep sanitary. Many more teeth are lost from pyorrhœa than from decay.

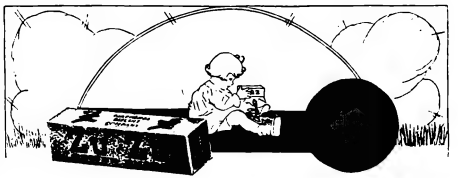
THE trouble would not be so serious were it not for the fact that bacteria from such places apparently find their way to other parts of the body, presumably by way of the blood stream. Damage to vital organs, as for instance the heart or kidneys, is sometimes traced to such tooth and gum infections. Rheumatism is thought to have a very direct connection, in many cases, with just such conditions, and often gets well rapidly when mouth infections are eradicated.

Students of these tooth and gum troubles point out, however, that bacteria only gets a footing where resistence is lowered, and that in this connection the general health and in particular the diet (which should contain plenty of fresh vegetables, for the sake of their organic salts; green salads, and fruits, and bread made of the whole wheat), and the action of the bowels (which to get rid of poisons should be always free and copious), are of very great importance.

Many of the cases of disease about the roots of the teeth cannot be detected by the human eye. A very bad condition of pus around a tooth and deep into the jaw may exist without giving pain. Only the X-ray can tell the story. Everyone with gum trouble, or capped or bridged teeth, and especially those with so-called "neuralgia" or unexplained face swelling, or even with unexplained fevers and heart irritation, should make liberal use of the X-ray as a diagnostic measure. He should have his teeth and gums examined at least once a year. In cases of dead and extracted nerves, it is imperative that the X-ray be used in order to determine if the root canal has been properly filled and is sanitary. In all conditions of pyorrhœa, periodic dental attention is needed, sometimes as often as once a month.

When all is said and done regarding the preservation of the teeth, there are only a few simple rules—give them work to do on some wholesome hard food that requires chewing, and keep them clean. Idleness in teeth apparently breeds mischief just as it does everywhere else. Idle teeth degenerate, as evidenced by the fact that certain races, when they change from hard to soft foods, that require no chewing, lose some of the beauty of their teeth.

FOR keeping the teeth clean, use a tooth brush that is not too hard and that is kept scrupulously clean. Wash it carefully after every brushing. Do not think it is economy to use it until



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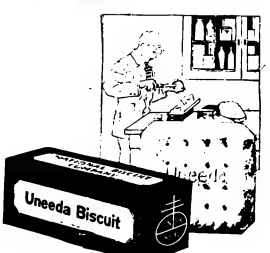

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The Red Cross Magazine

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

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it is hoary with age. None of the tooth powders or pastes is absolutely deadly to mouth bacteria. If they were, probably they would be harmful to the teeth and gums. Alkaline mouth washes are thought to be useful against pyorrhœa. Common ordinary lime water is as good as any of them. Many dentists believe that the acids of fruits are even more helpful, and that for promoting health in the mouth it is well to take a little fruit before going to bed, as they say it is during the night that the bacteria have a chance to get a footing and do their greatest damage.

Tartar formations harbor bacteria and are therefore harmful to the gums. They should be carefully scaled off by a dentist, and the teeth kept so "slippery clean" that bacteria cannot get a footing.

For good teeth in children, mother's milk is the first requisite. Upon the care given to a child's first teeth will very much depend the strength and regularity of the second. The first teeth should be carefully cleansed and preserved from decay. An ideal way to keep them clean is with a little sterile gauze and some antiseptic mouth solution or powder. The first teeth should not be allowed to rot away and fall out before their natural time. Nor should the second teeth be unduly delayed.

Mal-articulated teeth in children should have very early correction by an orthodontia expert. Such teeth may cause undesirable changes in the structure of the skull, besides interfering with proper nutrition and therefore with digestion. Habits of sucking the thumb, permitting infants to use pacifiers, and so forth, and of breathing through the mouth, cause malformations of the jaw that disfigure their victims for life and interfere with new teeth coming in place.

MANY people are as afraid of the dentist now as they were in the days when teeth were extracted by barbers and blacksmiths, while they have no fear at all of the very serious risks they are running from neglect. Do not hide your pains in the jaw, unexplained facial swellings, and all sorts of tooth troubles under the reassuring term "neuralgia." That word covers a multitude of sins.

WEAK KIDNEYS

WHEN he says, "I have always had weak kidneys," ask him how he knows!

If he has never had a thorough urinary and circulatory examination, he has had no way of finding out. Pain in the back—most often some muscular condition—is no indication of kidney affection. The principal and commonest malady of the kidneys is Bright's disease in its various forms and this is usually painless.

It is the mission of the kidneys to eliminate from the body the poisons which the blood accumulates on its round through the tissues. It is apparently from coping with excesses of poison that the kidneys develop those common inflammatory conditions which are classified under the heading of Bright's disease.

Sometimes the inflammations are sudden and acute, in which they get well "or something" in a short time. These attacks may come from poisons generated within the body in the course of disease, or from undue exposure to cold and hardship, or from specific poisons in food or other substances. For instance, one day to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston there came an old negress who had been afflicted with pediculosis (explained by the doctor as "extra inhabitants in the hair") and who, to get herself rid of them, had used mercury ointment. The mercury had got into her system, the poison had been too great for her kidneys to cope with, and she was ill with acute Bright's disease.

Other types of inflammation of the kidneys, known as chronic Bright's disease, may last for years, but from them the patient may never recover. These are thought most often to result from over-abundant diets, too rich in meat, for instance, from other living habits that exhaust the system, and from the ravages of germs, which may get into the body through the mouth, multiply in decayed teeth or infected tooth-sockets, and then migrate to other parts.

Obviously the way to safeguard the kidneys is to keep down the body poisons, and give the kidneys as little unnecessary work as possible. Much meat means much work for the kidneys, for the reason that in the digestion of meat certain by-products are formed which are poisonous and therefore have to be taken care of by the kidneys. Salt is another substance that has to be gotten rid of by the kidneys, and which therefore it is well to take in very limited quantities. A certain amount of water—at least six glasses a day—is needed to allow the kidneys properly to function. All places where germs are lodged, such as decayed teeth, or infected nasal sinuses, or the tonsils, should be cleared out by the dentist or doctor.

Bright's disease may be detected by examination of the urine, of the heart, blood-pressure, and arteries. One way of finding out the condition of the latter is by looking into the eye with a little instrument on which there is a light. Curiously, from this examination alone, Bright's disease is often plainly manifest. Oculists sometimes discover the condition by accident.

EVERY individual owes it to himself to have a circulatory and urinary examination at least once a year, for finding out if there is any modification he should make in his living régime in order to enjoy the full benefit of efficient kidneys and of the long and healthy life to which he is entitled. Patent remedies, advertised in newspapers, for "weak kidneys" must be strictly avoided. There is nothing in which you may find a greater amount of fraud than in "kidney cures." Most of them assume that kidney disease exists if there is a "pain in the back," whereas this is no indication at all of kidney trouble.

The March of the Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 62*)

villages where the visiting nurse is going, in all the places where rest houses and community houses are being built, where the Juniors are at work, where child welfare campaigns are being carried on, and where the many problems of the Home Service workers are being solved, the whole Red Cross idea is being pushed on.

Full speed ahead on the peace-time program may be slower of attainment than on that of the war, but it is coming just as irresistibly.

Outside of the United States, beside the final shipment to Vladivostok of the largest American Red Cross cargo ever landed in Siberia—seventeen thousand five hundred cases of relief material, valued at over two and a half millions, were unloaded from a Shipping Board steamer and strewed on the dock at Vladivostok, covering an area of over ten acres!—besides this, two things in the Red Cross work of the last weeks stand out as of major importance.

In France, a complete system of bus lines has now been organized to all the American cemeteries along the old battle lines in northern France, which are for the most part inaccessible by train. Many of them indeed lie more than ten miles from the nearest railroad station. Even in the towns like Fismes to which there is a railway, there are no hotel accommodations. The town is almost the same mass of rain-stained ruins which it was a year and a half ago. One omnibus line will ply between Soissons and Fismes where there are some seventeen hundred American graves. Another will operate from Soissons to Ploisy where some nineteen hundred officers and men are buried. Soissons is the nearest point to these cemeteries where hotel accommodations can be secured.

Other motor omnibus lines will run from Chateau-Thierry up the winding road to Belleau Wood; and from Dun-sur-Meuse north of Verdun, to the immense cemetery at Romagne, where the thousands who died in the tangled woods of the Argonne are buried. At all the principal cemeteries, the Red Cross has erected rest barracks where visitors may take shelter and obtain light refreshments, and at Romagne, itself, the Red Cross Hotel has been installed so that visitors may remain overnight.

All over the world shortly the Red Cross will install still another form of Red Cross service. In seaports in China, South America and wherever the far-flung chapters of the Fourteenth Division are located, club rooms for sailors ashore are being established, where they may make their headquarters while in port and avail themselves of the various aids provided by the Red Cross. Committees on Marine Service are being organized in nearly fifty seaport chapters, located in South

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby

Baby's Perfume

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I *know* is safe, and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin.

It is different and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

Lovingly,

BELLE.

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The Red Cross Magazine

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and Central America, the West Indies, Europe and the Far East. This new departure is an effort by the Red Cross to lend valuable aid to the Government Shipping Board in its efforts to build up a large organization of sailors, to man the new American Merchantmen.

In less than three years, the number of American merchant sailors has grown from twenty-four thousand to over fifty thousand. Equally noteworthy has been the radical change in the class of men enlisting in this service so vital to America's trade expansion. Clear, alert, young Americans are taking the place of the old salts of other days. During the war, these men were cared for by the Red Cross whenever they came into port, in the same manner as the men of the fighting arms of the service, and it is the aim of the Red Cross to continue and expand this service wherever American ships dock in foreign lands.

Day by day, the need for such a service and reports on its progress have been evident in the letters received in Washington. From Portugal and China have come the last two. In Lisbon, the Consul General reports the arrival of a great number of American merchant ships and the great need of the seamen for some opportunity to renew their home ties. From Hongkong, comes the story of the vast increase in American shipping in that Chinese port, of the new type of American seamen manning these ships, and of the absolute lack of facilities for furnishing them with recreation. It will not be long before the Red Cross will have girdled the world with still another form of new service.

THE BOND OF THE RECIPE

By Margaret Sanborn

THE women of Minneapolis have a new slant on Americanization. They want to get in touch with the hundreds of foreign wives and mothers of their city and their way of doing it is to exchange recipes and housekeeping ideas. Through this simple means, these foreign women, strangers in our country, come in contact with American life and American ways and American women and, on the other side, the housewives of Minneapolis will probably pick up some fine new ideas for their own kitchens. What could be more friendly than the interchange of housekeeping secrets? Between housewives, whether in Italy, Poland, Russia or our own United States, a recipe is one of the foundations of friendship. It can go farther than lectures, farther than bureaus, farther than laws—for it means real neighborliness.

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Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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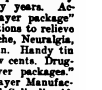

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A Better America in the Making

(*Continued from Page 46*)

Miss Mabel Parsons, secretary of the alumnæ committee which is raising an endowment fund of $500,000 for Barnard College, is one of the sponsors of the co-operative dormitory. Miss Parsons explained the dual purpose of the co-operative plan, which is designed to foster the spirit of community service and enable girls of moderate means to keep ahead of the high cost of living. Formerly, Miss Parsons says, many of the girls who could not afford to live at Brooks Hall, the main college dormitory, were scattered about the neighborhood in poor apartments, many living alone. They procured their meals in haphazard fashion, often cooking them in their own rooms over alcohol lamps. Such a life, Miss Parsons explained, tended to ruin a girl's health as well as to give her a good start towards becoming a selfish individualist.

"IT was to offset these conditions," said Miss Parsons, "that the co-operative dormitory was founded. It gives the girls home surroundings, good food, and good accommodations at a minimum expense.

"The Alumnæ Association started the co-operative dormitory in the fall of 1916 under the sanction of the college. A committee of five was appointed, consisting of Mrs. Florence L. Lowther, Mrs. Alfred Hess, Mrs. John N. Boyle, Mrs. Sidney G. Stacey, and myself. The alumnæ took two apartments, housing thirteen girls, at 99 Claremont Avenue. A member of the faculty lived in the dormitory as social head, but had no special duties. The dormitory was equipped by a fund given by the alumnæ association.

"The dormitory on Claremont Avenue ran for two years, and then was moved to the present location, where six apartments, holding forty-five girls, were taken. The additional equipment needed was made possible by the generosity of the board of trustees, and of one member, particularly. The present dormitory is headed by a director, Miss Helen P. Abbot, a graduate of Vassar. The actual management of household affairs is done by the girls under student government.

"The cost of room and board in 1916 was $7.50 a week. It was later raised to $8.70, and, to meet the increase in the cost of living, was finally fixed at $9.40. The girls who live at the dormitory come from all over the country, from New England to Texas. No New York City girls are taken on account of lack of space.

"Not only are these girls solving the H. C. L. while they are at college, but also they are receiving training which will do them in good stead after they graduate. For, besides playing together and studying together, they are working together, building up their community through mutual labor and mutual responsibility.

INDUSTRY HAS A HEART

GRADUALLY, here in America, it is being borne in upon us how important to our country is the health of everybody in it: our children, our workers. In Michigan, not long ago, a new insurance company was started, whose business is to help other companies guard their employees' health, look after them when they are sick and, by this care, keep them well. This is done through illness and accident insurance paid for by the employer. "Industrial Service" the plan is called, and this is the way it works.

A company installs Industrial Service. Every employee who has been working for the company sixty days gets a policy. If he is sick or meets with any accident, he notifies his employer. Immediately, the insurance company sends one of its nurses to his home. If he needs a doctor's attention, she calls a doctor. The doctor's first visit is paid for by the company but subsequent visits by the patient. All the while, the patient receives the illness benefit, according to his insurance policy, for his loss of time.

Thus that bugaboo of the worker, illness, loses some of its horrors. When he falls sick, he does not have to worry about the wages which have stopped rolling in and that terrible question: What shall we do now? does not haunt his family. And this relief is furnished at no expense to him. It is free, paid for by his employers.

AND what is the benefit to the employer?—someone might ask. The old days are passing, when a man regarded the men who worked for him as mere machines to be used to their utmost capacity and then scrapped. His interest now goes beyond the pay envelope of his workers. He knows that their health, their contentment and their loyalty are an asset to him; that all these count on the job and, in protecting his workers, in insuring them against illness and accidents, he is acting wisely, reducing time lost through absence, and probably reducing the labor turnover, as well as doing a human deed.

For underneath, this Industrial Service plan strikes a deep and higher note, that of mutual consideration and interest, or in the language of every day, just plain "human fairness and getting together."

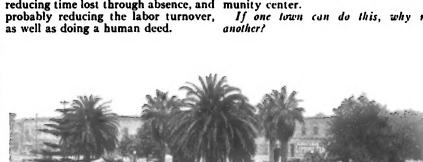
POLISHING UP THE TOWN SQUARE

TO turn a useless, cluttered public square into a plaza with trees, flowering shrubs, a fountain and gravel walks—that is what the town of Orange, in California, has done. And it accomplished all this by the energy of its citizens and their voluntary contributions.

Orange just suddenly woke up, that's all, and saw by the true light of day the eye-sore in its midst: the square at the center of the town, the pepper trees which obstructed the view, the piles of empty boxes stored there by the merchants of the nearby streets, and the yawning trenches of pipe lines left open by the water works to facilitate repairs. And Orange, with that sight before its eyes, set to work. First it procured the consent of the Board of Supervisors of the County, then it formed an Improvement Association, and had a landscape gardener lay out a public plaza. The women of the town got together and gave entertainments to raise funds; leading citizens contributed plants and trees, as well as money.

The end of it all was $2,500, a lovely plaza with shady trees, a bubbly fountain and flowering borders along the gravel paths, a place of which the people of Orange can be justly proud. And they are! They feel it belongs to them, and at this common meeting place they gather for outdoor entertainments. What was once merely eight lots of land set off at the center of the town and used as a store place and as a passage way is now a real community center.

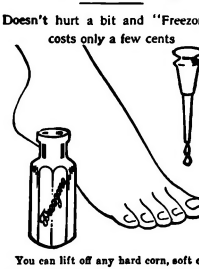
If one town can do this, why not another!



The Town Square at Orange, California

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

When the Doctor comes, he will appreciate it if there is a Tycos FEVER THERMOMETER IN THE HOUSE

Look for the name on the dial

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You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.

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by erecting Dodson Bird Houses. Their attractiveness will please the birds, and they are scientifically built by Mr. Dodson, who has spent a life time in studying the birds, their habits, and in attracting them to beautiful "Birds Lodge", his home and bird sanctuary on the Kankakee River.

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737 Harrison Avenue, Kankakee, Illinois
Dodson Warren Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these quarrelsome pests. Price $5.00

I Discover My Government

(*Continued from Page 58*)

the improvement of country life conditions.

14. The needs of the farm woman.

15. Federal aid in co-operation with the States in carrying out the foregoing program to its ultimate success.

"If ever there was a time when our people should have a proper national appreciation of the value of education," says the Bureau, referring to this program, "that time is now."

"1920 will be education year. It begins a 10-year, nation-wide campaign for better schools, with special reference to the improvement of rural schools. The purpose of this campaign must be to educate the people to a full understanding and appreciation of the absolute necessity of education. We must educate or we must perish!"

As far back as 1914, the Bureau was conducting a work known as "Im migrant Education." This was nothing more or less than a practical effort to reach the immigrant who came to this country ignorant of the English language, ignorant of American history, politics, laws and—American ideals! He came because he was told this was a land of freedom, "where a man is a man if he's willing to toil," where he might enjoy religious and political freedom to his heart's content. Out of such raw yet promising material must a goodly portion of the blood and fiber of our our citizenry be drawn.

WHEN the Bureau was doing what it could to educate these immigrants, I doubt if it realized just how vital a thing it was doing; it took the war and its aftermath to demonstrate the portentous fact that the ability of a "naturalized" American to speak broken English does *not* make him an American. He needs a great deal more—a stronger appeal to his understanding in the name of Americanism.

So during the war, the Bureau cooperated strongly with the National Americanization Committee of New York to broaden and strengthen this particular line of educational work. Some of the outstanding objects sought were:

1. To give the immigrant better opportunities to learn America and to understand his duties to America.

2. To unite, in service for America, the different factions among the several racial groups and to minimize in each case the antagonism due to old-country conditions.

3. To cement the friendships and discourage the enmities existing among races and to bring them together for America.

4. To bring native and foreign-born Americans together in more intimate and friendly relations.

"PLAY BALL!" *in the* All-American Boys' Club

Ball days are here and every vacant lot calls to every American boy—the natural born lover of the best sport in the world!

And think of it! School days soon will be over, when you can fight it out through whole glorious afternoons. Lucky fellows! What wouldn't we give to change places with you for just one more summer—or even to have just one bully game with the old gang and help lick the other crowd who thought they were better,—till we showed them!

Of course, grown-ups can get away from the office once in a while and help to swell the roar from the grand-stand at the Polo Grounds. That's pretty good sport, too—but there's nothing like the feel of a bat in your own hands. And just imagine never being able to "steal second" yourself, or never being able to race in from third while your own fellows cheer you on.

So you had better "play ball" while you can. Some of these days you will be old and stiff, too, and then, when you have to sit in the grand-stand, you'll be mighty thankful you were a regular player once upon a time, anyway.

But What About Your Outfit?

Of course you have to have something to play with—balls and bats, masks and gloves—and schoolboys don't have money to buy this equipment every fellow longs for. There's the advantage of belonging to the All-American Club. You're lucky again! For the A-A-C furnishes the best equipment it can get to its members. It is yours to keep, too, so you can use it many summers. The name of the maker will convince you that The Red Cross Magazine wants our American boys to get the best in everything.

Perhaps You Prefer Fishing—or Camping!

The "regular" boy ought to do some of these things, so as to be well and strong, and we want to help you do what you like best.

So come now—join the A-A-C, and if you really prove to be an interested, wide-awake member, any piece of baseball equipment, or almost anything else you want, will be provided for you.

Besides, you will enjoy the A-A-C itself. It is a "regular" Club—was named for the famous All-American Division of our Army, and we have Captains, Lieutenants and sergeants, just as the Army did. Every fellow is in line—can become even a Major or Colonel if he wants.

All of which costs you not a cent! Write us and we will tell you all about it and you then can join, or not, as you please. But remember, vacation days are coming, when you will need those balls and bats, masks and gloves—and will be mighty glad you have written. Address:

CLUB COMMANDER, A-A-C,
THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE
1107 Broadway, New York City

"GOLD MEDAL" Folding Furniture

is known the world over for its neat appearance, comfort, convenience and strength. It's the ideal Folding Furniture.

"Gold Medal"—"The Cot of Many Uses"—for emergencies, porch, camp and summer home, there's nothing better. Light, compact when folded, quickly set up.

A comfortable folding lawn chair. Weighs only 12½ lbs. and folds to 4" x 21" x 27".

For washing and drying the baby or any convenient purpose. Folds to 3" x 27" x 47".

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Furniture For Home and Camp

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
(on market for over forty years)
made of Borax, Iodine and Bran is a sure and safe relief for those tired, aching, tender, swollen, burning

FEET
that have been causing you so much pain. 25c, all druggists, if unobtainable at your druggist, sent direct on receipt of price.

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Freeman's FACE POWDER

WOMEN whose preference for Freeman's Face Powder has never lessened during 40 years know that the exclusive use of this pure, smooth powder in youth and later life is largely responsible for their clear, fresh, velvety skins.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
Dept. 106 Cincinnati, O.

5. To give native-born Americans a better understanding of foreign-born Americans.

6. To develop among employers a more kindly and patriotic feeling toward foreign-born workmen.

7. To encourage the foreign-born American to assist in the work of Americanization and to develop a more patriotic feeling toward the work in which they are engaged.

8. To develop the school as the center for Americanization work for all alike.

THE war emergency having passed, this work has narrowed down to a bare skeleton. But, as a matter of fact, the peace time reconstruction emergency makes it more and more imperative that our Bureau of Education be empowered not only to continue this work but actually to intensify it.

At this writing, the Kenyon Americanization Bill has passed the Senate, making provision for just such work by the Bureau. Briefly, it provides an annual appropriation of $6,500,000 to finance a program of educational work particularly in behalf of aliens. It provides that all resident persons, whether citizens or aliens, between 16 and 21 years of age, attend classes for at least 200 hours a year. In a word, this Bill, as passed, marks America's first serious and commensurate effort to Americanize her citizenry.

These are but a scant few of the major activities of our Federal Bureau of Education, which are designed to unify in purpose and method of application the educational systems in operation and projected for this country. Volumes might be written on what else the Bureau has done and will do.

BUT, somehow, in all the mass of material I have studied for high lights on the Bureau's work, there appeared nothing which seemed to bring the Bureau so closely home or which gave me so vivid a picture of the Bureau's belief in its own code as this official utterance:

"If bonds may be justly issued for any purpose whatever by the people of one generation to be paid by those of another, surely the building of schoolhouses is such a purpose. When we issue bonds to pay for streets, roads, bridges, sewerage systems, courthouses, city halls, or houses and equipment for fire departments, we ourselves get the benefit of these, and when streets, roads, bridges, and sewerage systems are worn out and must be replaced or repaired, and the courthouses, city halls, and equipment for fire departments are outgrown, our children pay for what we have used and probably used up.

"But when we issue bonds to build good schoolhouses for our children, they themselves get the benefit of what they themselves must later pay for. By issuing bonds for this purpose, we only enable the children to borrow from their future richer selves to provide themselves now with that which is essential to their welfare but which we feel ourselves too poor to give them out of our own pockets."

Dutch Bulbs
Order your Supply Now!

Advices from big growers in Holland indicate great scarcity of bulbs this coming season and prices cannot be grown to meet the demand. To insure getting your supply send us your order at once. Until duly list, in next letter, our present low prices for the choicest varieties of bulbs grown by specialists in Holland will hold good.

By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from December until Easter, and in the garden from earliest spring until the middle of May.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are shipped to our customers immediately upon their arrival in this possible condition.

They need not be paid for until after delivery, nor taken if not satisfactory.

Write for Free Booklet

Our booklet contains descriptions and prices of almost all the choicest imported Dutch bulbs, suitable for growing in the house garden and the directions given make success practically impossible.

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Established 30 years. We have built up one of the largest bulb businesses in the world.

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For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

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Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of RANGER bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town.
30 Days Free Trial on the bicycle you select, actual riding test.
EASY PAYMENTS if desired, at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices.
Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-to-Rider terms and prices.
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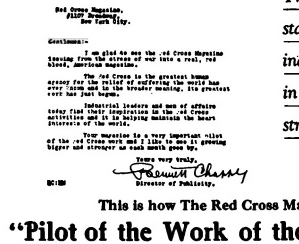

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.

MIDDLETOWN, O.
March 20, 1920.

Red Cross Magazine,
1107 Broadway,
New York City.

Gentlemen:-

I am glad to see the Red Cross Magazine issuing from the stress of war into a real, red blood, American magazine.

The Red Cross is the greatest human agency for the relief of suffering the world has ever known and in the broader meaning, its greatest work has just begun.

Industrial leaders and men of affairs today find their inspiration in the Red Cross activities and it is helping maintain the best interests of the world.

Your magazine is a very important pilot of the Red Cross work and I like to see it growing bigger and stronger as each month goes by.

Yours very truly,

Director of Publicity.

EC:IH

The American Rolling Mills Company stands in the front rank of American industries. Mr. Chapple has expressed, in his letter, the attitude of all constructive Americans.

This is how The Red Cross Magazine is a very important

"Pilot of the Work of the American Red Cross"

—making our America a better America:

In the July Issue

"THE NEEDS OF THE WORLD"

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

The most up-to-date information gathered from Herbert Hoover, H. P. Davison, Frederick Keppel and their organizations, that shows how the world depends on America for material things as well as moral support. What we must do to prevent a world famine greater than any during the war.

"WHAT A NURSE CAN DO IN YOUR TOWN"

By FRED EASTMAN

is a true story of what one nurse has accomplished in a Long Island community. It contains a rousing challenge to every community in the country.

"BETTER AMERICA"

A regular department of little articles about the ways some communities are making people happy.

The RED CROSS MAGAZINE has recovered from the first flush of war re-action; it has weathered the storm of industrial unrest; it is on a solid foundation. But it must continue to grow if it is to be of most value as a function of the Red Cross in building a Better America.

WILL YOU HELP?

You can perform a service for the Red Cross with very little effort. If you believe in the work of the Magazine, send us the names of two friends who, you think, would enlist with your Chapter as Red Cross workers for the Magazine during spare time.

WILLIAM HARPER DEAN'S

article on the Department of Agriculture tells of the tremendous work done by the workers of this Bureau. It contains actual facts which will be of assistance to thousands of farmers and people in the smaller communities who are not acquainted with the things they can secure from the Government free of charge.

"THE SPOILED CHILD"

By ANGELO PATRI

is written out of this great school teachers' experiences with thousands of children. It is a vivid exposition of the danger which lets in the theory that a child's individuality must be preserved.

"YOUR HEALTH"

A monthly department conducted by the Surgeons-General of the Army, Navy and U. S. Health Service. Practical stories of example.

(CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON)

RED CROSS MAGAZINE,
1107 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I believe the following people will be interested in learning how they can enlist, for spare time, with the local Chapter as Red Cross workers for the Magazine:

(1) Name .....
Address .....

(2) Name .....
Address .....

You may
You may not use my name.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

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